

Complete

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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GOMEZ, THE CUBAN LEADER, IN THE FIELD.

From a photograph by George Bronson Rea.

The commander-in-chief of the Cuban insurgents continues to harass the Spanish troops, without having sufficient force to meet Weyler's army in an open engagement. But he holds the Spaniards always in check, and insists that he will not stop short of Cuban independence.

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The Annexation of Hawaii.

TREATY has been negotiated for the annexation of Hawaii, and is now before the Senate for ratification. In terms the treaty is said to be similar to the one negotiated by General Harrison and withdrawn by Mr. Cleveland. It provides for the establishment of a territorial government in Hawaii, and presumably for the ultimate admission of the Pacific island republic to the Union as a State, though it makes no provision for an annuity to the deposed queen. Upon the whole, we are inclined to the belief that this is a better time for such a consummation than four years ago. Had the Harrison treaty been ratified, there would always have been a suspicion that the United States forces had been a party to the overthrow of the kingdom.

Now, however, we treat with a firmly-established government, and one recognized as such all over the world. Had the Harrison plan been carried out, there was a likelihood that a precedent would have been established which might have been hereafter embarrassing in our diplomatic relations and in the enforcement of the Monroe doctrine. Now, however, we do not make ourselves liable to criticism and the charge that our protestations of indifference to accessions of territory are insincere. To be sure, the mugwumps will howl in anger, but mugwumps do not count for much in the serious business of government.

But, apart from all other considerations, the annexation of Hawaii just now is an imperative necessity. If the United States should not take it, the little republic would be pretty sure to have trouble with Japan, and in such case the United States would be compelled to intervene, and the kindly and profitable relations between the Japanese and ourselves would be in danger of rupture. On the whole, there is no other safe and wise course to be pursued. Hawaii is now American in everything save name, and the sooner our flag is raised in Honolulu the better.

Personal Liberty in America.

IT is most unusual for one to read an American newspaper without finding in it some account of a gross invasion of the personal liberty of a citizen on the part of a municipal official or corporation servant. When the Revolution which resulted in the separation of this country from England was organized it was inspired by a genuine hatred of kingship and what kingship stood for, and it was stimulated by a wholesome and manly love of liberty. But at this moment there is a grave question whether we have not achieved national liberty at a very painful and unnecessary sacrifice of personal liberty. To be bullied by every petty official who happens to be in a bad humor, and to be insulted and assaulted by the ill-mannered servants of corporations, is what we have come to. Further than this, it is very seldom that any citizen will take the trouble to protest with courageous and effective persistence.

We submit to the grossest wrongs because it is less trouble to submit than to fight. This is not creditable to us as men, and it is pusillanimous in us as citizens. Our laws are fully adequate to protect every law-abiding citizen in all of his rights, and according to the laws an American citizen parts with no more personal liberty than a British or a Russian subject. And yet we enjoy fewer personal privileges than the people of any civilized country, and we permit encroachments upon our liberty with a tame submission which invites further encroachments without end.

A policeman has come to believe that he is a little god, while a railway-conductor, especially in New York, seems persuaded that he is hedged about by an inviolable divinity. But, as a matter of fact, neither policeman nor railway-conductor is invested with any privileges out of the common. They have merely usurped privileges, and the citizens acquiesce in the usurpation. If the men of courage in this country would conclude to resist these encroachments without counting the cost in time and money these usurpations would quickly come to an end.

The other day a prominent citizen of New York, Mr. William M. Ivins, formerly city chamberlain, compelled the servants of the Broadway railroad to eject him by force from the front platform of a cable car. Then he was arrested, charged with disorderly conduct. Now Mr. Ivins proposes to bring an action to test the legality of this trespass upon his personal liberty. Mr. Ivins is to be congratulated upon the public spirit he is displaying and the courage he shows in resisting the arbitrary and unreasonable regulations made by a corporation without any regard

whatever for the personal rights of passengers. It is a pity that there are not thousands such as he in this much be-officered metropolis.

The Doom of the Locomotive.

ABOUT one hundred years ago Oliver Evans, the inventor, was rash enough to say that the time would come when his high-pressure locomotive would take people after breakfast in Washington and get them to New York for supper. The idea of covering over two hundred miles in this time was of course preposterous, and he was the butt of many a joke. But when the rails were finally laid, which was not so many years ago, the passengers soon began to want more speed, and thus it has gone on. Americans accept inventions as marvels for a whole day sometimes, and then demand more. Some people have been known to complain of the telephone.

But the locomotive has been a faithful old friend. *Locomotive Engineering* goes so far as to say it "was always kept equal to any speed requirements put upon it," and that the only obstacles to fast trains a half-century ago were the tracks and the lack of signals, and the absence of efficient means of stopping the trains. How human this sounds. If we only had the right sort of tracks, the proper warnings, and the power to stop, how many of us would arrive at our destinations in time to sup on success and prosperity instead of getting side-tracked or wrecked.

It is the fact, however, that the locomotive has kept strictly up with the times, and few of us care to travel faster than on the limited trains that allow us to break our fast in Washington and take luncheon in New York—a beggarly five hours of smooth motion that could easily be reduced to four if the railroads wanted to do it. But the faithful old puller, varying in size from the shifting, if not shiftless, busy-body that puffs around stations, to the marvelous machine of a hundred tons, is reading the handwriting along its tracks. The electrical motor, dumpy and ugly, is preparing to retire its handsomer rival. It is like a mean little torpedo-boat sending the beautiful full-rigged man-of-war into retirement; but it represents force, and force rules. Millions upon millions of dollars are represented in these locomotives, but even millions cannot prevent the advance of invention. And so, after a while, the old locomotive may be as rare as the old street car horse; but let us be grateful for what it has done, and admit that the man was almost right when he called it "the plowshare of civilization," for wherever its whistle has been heard progress has found a way and the furrow has been plowed.

Counting the Cost.

MOTHER told her little boy that if he went out into the street she would whip him. "But, mother," he replied, "if I let you whip me now may I go out afterwards?" The little fellow had a level head, and he was particularly wise in wanting the punishment in advance; or, at least, of being willing to take it then. And there are a great many older people like him.

A very large part of the "news" we read in the daily papers concerns the wrecks and the misdoings of humanity. We can find scarcely a page that does not contain one or more of these items. In most cases the unfortunates would have consented to take their whippings first and then go out into the world of don't care. But if the punishment had preceded the desire there might have been a different feeling.

There was a whole volume of truth and philosophy in that little bit of dialogue in Denman Thompson's play, when the ragged tramp returned. He was asked why he had left home. "Because I wanted to have my own way," he replied. "And ye looks as if ye had had it," was the comment. There never was a time when sober, industrious living was more necessary than now. It is an age of self-restraint, and not of dissipation; a generation that counts the cost and has to do it or fall.

Commencements, Old and New.

MUCH grumbling is heard among the friends of graduates concerning the new order of commencement exercises which has been inaugurated in some of our colleges. It is pointed out that an address by a distinguished man is to be heard on an average of at least once a month in every city or large town in the land. On the other hand, no opportunity is afforded to observe the fresh results of systems of education upon groups of young people, excepting at the close of their course of study. The iconoclast argues that the average graduating essay or oration is a pretty weak composition, that the young person who delivers it is scared, and that the whole exhibition is not edifying. The conservatives contend that the parents and friends of the graduates, who usually make up at least five-sixths of the audience, do not attend for the purpose of getting edification. They know perfectly well before they go, that night brings forth the stars, that life is a strangely earnest thing, that Martin Luther was an epoch-maker, and that Savonarola was a martyr to the effete decadence of a once robust and glorious people. The parents and friends do not care to remember, six days later, just what was said by the agitated performers in their dress suits, or white, beribboned gowns, or student uniforms; but the exhilaration of seeing them and hearing them, even at considerable length, as one is likely to, is something thrilling and unique. By the tones and manners and

the declared ideals of those who are chosen to appear at the commencement, a fair idea is gained of the sort of culture imparted in the institution which they represent. The beholder gets a notion of the race of young people who are coming up to take the place of his own generation. When he sees their faith and hope and joyousness he feels a pang of shame in his own cynical old heart, and a shiver of sanctified delight runs through his pessimistic old bones. The world is not given over to folly and treachery, after all. Aspiration and confidence and fresh young rapture are still alive.

"But," the so-called "progressive" ones protest, "you get all that on what is called the class-day. Or you get it on almost any day that you choose to visit any school or college."

But most of us cannot run around on almost any day to the school or college. Besides, nobody puts his best foot foremost quite so hard as on commencement day. We naturally like to see the institution when its best foot is foremost, even though the effort is not entirely unconcealed. The class-day exercises, too, are for the class. The "hits" which convulse the young fellows themselves are unintelligible to outsiders, and, naturally, because they are not prepared for outsiders. The old-fashioned commencements were prepared for outsiders, and they had all that high dignity attaching to exercises which are conceived by those who take part in them to transcend in importance all other sublimity demonstrations. Nothing can ever compare with the sacredness of those time honored, diploma-crowned occasions.

Who cares to go and hear Judge So-and-So, or Senator This-or-That, at a college commencement? They have no college flavor. They smell of the world whence they come—the same heated old atmosphere from which we have just come ourselves. They are permeated with the same distrust and unrest. To be sure, there are still the long rows of girls or boys taking their diplomas; but they are dumb to us, for we have not just heard some of their number firing off the precious, hackneyed old themes at us, in their ringing young voices, with the sonorous salutatory and the familiar valedictory, to wind us up to just the proper pitch of interest in the young creatures who are just about to be separated from each other and thrown off into the ocean to strike off for themselves. Those derided exercises were all that made the procession of youths anything but a mummery. They transformed it into a palpitating, blood-and-brain collection of brave youngsters, in whom we felt a personal interest.

We have changed all that. The orator of the day has come in. The salutatorian and the valedictorian and the "philosophers," and the rest of the dear old fellows, are going out. We wish they would stay.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

—Two interesting bits of gossip that come from Cambridge about Helen Keller concern her feminine fondness for dress. She is especially particular about the color of her dress materials, and she loves *frou-frou* effects in her skirts—the rustling that betokens silken linings. In all the minor appointments of her toilet she displays a fastidiousness of taste that is most interesting.

—Professional honors as war correspondents were not easy in the brief and inglorious campaign on the Greco-Turkish frontier. There was practically no fighting, and the host of journalistic "commissioners" who went to the front equipped with expensive retinues and highly-colored vocabularies, and sympathetically cast their fortunes with the Greek army, had nothing to describe but a grotesque and disgraceful rout. Even this they were prevented from making the most of, as Crown Prince Constantine devoted all his rattled energies to the censorship of dispatches, and compelled them, if they wanted to send anything really graphic to their home offices, either to send couriers to Athens, or to make a dash thither themselves. Others only arrived after the war had ended, as precipitately as it had begun. Such was the predicament of a number of American scribes, in particular, who went to Greece with reputations, and lost them there. On the other hand, Edhem Pasha was the war correspondents' friend, and those representatives of the London press, such as Steevens, of the *Daily Mail*, who pitched their tents on the Turkish side of the frontier, had great sport writing up the most farcical and Falstaffian war known to modern military annals. When Volo was evacuated by the Greeks as impetuously as Larissa had been, the correspondents took charge of the panic-stricken town. Mr. John Reid, bearing a flag of truce, and accompanied by Mr. Frederic Villiers, the well-known artist, and two consuls, marched out of the town to meet the conquering Turks. Mr. Steevens recognized his associate, called in Edhem Pasha, and arranged the terms of capitulation. Then the deputation returned, re-enforced by Mr. Steevens and Reuter's agent, and escorted by a troop of cavalry. The mayor of Volo signed the capitulation, and the Greek war-ship lying off the town never fired a gun. Mr. W. Kinnaird Rose, a stalwart Scotchman fifty years of age, who was one of the principal correspondents of Reuter's and the Associated Press, did the best work of the campaign on the Greek side. He was a witness of the extraordinary stampede of the panic-stricken forces, and made his way from Larissa to Volo. Telegraphic communication with London was denied him, and he took a small boat and headed down the coast. A storm came up and he lay off the shore, suffering from exposure to cold and being in no little peril. Daylight came, and he landed and rode post haste to Athens, where he telegraphed to the Associated Press and Reuter's the first account of the Greek stampede. It was the best bit of descriptive writing which has been printed for many a day, full of movement and picturesque detail, and fairly dramatic in interest. Another distinguished correspondent in the same employ, but with the Turkish army, was Mr. Gwynne, a Welshman, who is familiar with the Balkan country and the languages of the East, besides having had the experience of representing Reuter's in the last campaign up the

Nile. Mr. Gwynne furnished the earliest and best accounts of the preliminary skirmishes in the mountain passes of the Thessalian frontier, and his news letters were illumined with military experience and technical knowledge. Messrs. Williams and Burleigh, both well-known veteran correspondents, were also in Thessaly during the campaign. The hostilities did not last long enough to make it worth Rudyard Kipling's while to go to Greece for the *London Times*, if, as alleged, he entertained such a proposition. There will be no lack of permanent chronicles of the recent events, as several books are now on the stocks—notably those of Messrs. Stevens, Rose, and Gwynne.

—It is not often that a newspaper is written, printed, and published by one man. This is, however, the case with the only



MR. M. MATSUMOTO.

Japanese newspaper in New York. This paper has its office in the building of the Sugisaki Club, Brooklyn. It is published by a very intelligent and active young Japanese, Mr. M. Matsumoto, who came to New York only a few months ago, and established the *New York Japanese News*. Mr. Matsumoto had very little capital. He could not afford to buy type having Japanese letters, and so he decided to get out his paper by writing out the news with an immense lead-pencil and obtaining dupli-

cate copies by means of an Edison mimeograph. The paper is still published in this manner, and much time and labor are required to get it out every week. It consists of eight pages, has a weekly circulation of two hundred copies, and contains a few advertisements, principally of Japanese business houses located in this city. Mr. Matsumoto came to America ten years ago. He was educated at the Methodist Seminary in Rochester, and also spent four years at Greenville College, Illinois. During the world's fair Mr. Matsumoto held a responsible position in the Japanese department of the Columbian Exposition.

—Mr. Henry Labouchere, editor of *Truth* and Member of Parliament for Northampton, is always vigorous and always picturesque. But now and again he permits himself to appear rather petulant, not to say petty. The last instance of such a nature was before the committee of the House investigating the Jameson raid. Mr. Labouchere charged several officials of the South African Company with having encouraged the raid for stock-jobbing purposes. When called for proof he said his informant was a City gentleman. The City gentleman—such a gentleman is always understood to be either a banker or broker in the neighborhood of Threadneedle Street—when called upon to appear failed to materialize, and Mr. Labouchere will not reveal the name. This has provoked the *Saturday Review* to say, sarcastically: "The privilege of free speech in Parliament should not be abused to personal slander, and it is for the committee of the House to say that in such a case an apology is not sufficient reparation. We need hardly point out to Mr. Labouchere that by withholding his informant's name he lays himself open to grave suspicion—as he himself puts it, 'testimony that is not forthcoming is non-existent,' and the same may be said of the informant."

—James Lane Allen's occasional visits to the East have greatly endeared him to those who have come to be on familiar enough



JAMES LANE ALLEN.

terms with the author to penetrate behind the rather forbidding pair of spectacles that form a somewhat too striking feature of his portraits. These spectacles are a little out of place on the modest literary man, where they might have been just the thing on the professor or of philology that Mr. Allen set out to be. The creator of "A Kentucky Cardinal" is a fine-grained man and a charming converser

when his spectacular (so to speak) reserve is overcome. The combination of Kentuckian and Ohioan in him makes a very desirable product. Mr. Allen has been the guest at times of Hamilton Mabie, in Summit, and he has grown fond of that part of Jersey, which is not unlike the Blue-grass region of Kentucky.

—Three literary ladies who are much in demand just now as drawing-room lecturers are Mrs. Sangster, Miss Repplier, and Kate Upson Clark. Mrs. Sangster charms with her personality almost as much as with her theme, and Miss Repplier talks much as she writes, with a finish and elegance of diction. Mrs. Clark inclines towards the conversational, for her lecture is sometimes only a talk in which radical views are advanced in rather radical language. Mrs. Clark is a woman of imposing presence, but with a thoroughly literary lack of style in her attire.

—The published portraits of the half-dozen surviving Confederate generals show them all with faces bushy with whiskers. Longstreet, whom Hamlin Garland recently sought out in his modest Georgia home and found there contentedly leading a life of the utmost simplicity, has the most plentiful hirsute crop, as befits his rank. His chin is left clean shaven, as is Wade Hamp-

ton's, but the others—Lee, Gordon, Stewart, Wheeler, and Buckner—all wear the full chin-whiskers that, with Southerners of the old school and old traditions, have replaced the popular imperial of war times. Whether it was his abundance of leisure or the plentiful supply of plantation negroes who were good barbers it is certain that the old-time Southerner always gave more attention to his whiskers than the Northerner of corresponding station, and these old Confederate generals are fine examples of the custom.

—Hamilton W. Mabie, the editor and essayist, will be one of the numerous American wheelmen in England this summer. Mr. Mabie sails early in July for a long vacation, and after a few weeks in London he expects to take a bicycle trip to the lake country—Oxford, Salisbury, and Wales. His wife and daughter accompany him. Mr. Mabie is a most enthusiastic wheelman—"as big a crank as any of them," in his own words. He is frequently seen on his wheel around Summit, that paradise of good roads. The *Outlook's* associate editor is now about forty-five years old—a man of medium height, rather thick-set, and somewhat English in appearance. He has a very charming wife and family, and one of the prettiest homes in Summit, where he is a high priest and prophet in literary and artistic matters.

—The President, after a long deliberation, has selected General Stewart L. Woodford, of New York, to be our minister in Spain. This has been a mission requiring much delicate firmness, and it is not impossible that the difficulties of the past may be greater rather than less in the near future. It might have been well to have sent there a man with previous diplomatic experience, and it is likely that the President offered the place to several such men. But General Woodford is a man with much experience of the world and its affairs, and proba-



GENERAL STEWART L. WOODFORD.

bly he will do what is needed quite as well as any one else. He is sixty-two years old and a lawyer with a fine practice. He was a soldier during the war, rising to the rank of colonel and holding the brevet of brigadier-general. He was United States district attorney, Lieutenant-Governor of the State of New York, and a candidate for Governor when Mr. Hoffman was chosen. General Woodford is a man of pleasing eloquence, and has a high rank in Brooklyn, which is his home, for happiness in post-prandial addresses. He was much talked of for a Cabinet place, and it is certain that Mr. McKinley considered him with many prepossessions in his favor. Senator Platt's recommendation of General Woodford probably kept him out of the Cabinet, just as it now has secured for him the mission to Spain.

Barney Barnato and His Relatives.

I DO not know that I have anything of interest to relate about my brother-in-law, the late "Barney Barnato," which



ALICE HOLBROOK.

has not already appeared in print. However, as many false and erroneous stories have been published, some of them in the form of alleged interviews with myself, I shall be glad of the opportunity to make a brief statement in the way of general correction. As an extreme instance of misrepresentation in this matter, I may mention the following: On the evening that the news of Barnato's death reached New York, a reporter representing a morning newspaper came to my hotel with the dispatch, and requested an interview, which I granted. I could scarcely credit the news of the suicide, and, having received no personal communication, expressed myself as skeptical regarding the whole affair. The reporter asked me for a South African postage-stamp, and I gave him one from a recent letter which had announced the death of my father, at Kimberley, in March last. The letter was from my sister Emily, who is the wife of Major R. A. Finlayson, commander of the Kimberley Rifles in the recent trouble with the natives at Pokwani. The newspaper man noticed the black border on the letter, and I explained it to him, as I supposed, clearly. Judge of my astonishment at seeing in his paper, next morning, a sensational article to the effect that I had received a black-bordered letter from my sister, Mrs. Barnato, containing the news and details of her husband's suicide! Of course I had not then, nor have I at the present writing, received any word from Mrs. Barnato in relation to the tragic occurrence. The last time I saw Barnato himself was in Lon-

don, two years ago. At that time he was in full health, spirits, and prosperity, living on the top wave, so to speak, with his wife and three young children. He was planning the new Park Lane house, which the family were to have occupied on their return to London this last fatal trip. Many things have occurred during the past two years which might have undermined Barnato's health, mental and physical, and we all knew he had been ill in South Africa this last spring. But the rumor of intemperance as the cause of his breakdown is in direct contradiction to his habits of life so far as I knew them.

My sisters and myself were born at Cape Town. My father removed to Kimberley in the early days of the diamond excitement, when I was eight years old. It was at Kimberley that Mr. Barnato met and married my sister Fannie, about eighteen years ago. I have seen stories in circulation which connected Barnato with the I. D. B.'s, or illicit diamond buyers, and which represented that he had married a barmaid. These tales are not even remotely founded on fact, as some others are.



BARNEY BARNATO.

Barnato's family name was Isaacs, and his family were respectable English Jews. He certainly had a fair education, and made the most of it by natural tact and cleverness. He was probably about twenty-five years old when he first went to South Africa, and, consequently, in his forty-sixth or forty-seventh year at the time of his death. Both "Barney" and his surviving brother Harry were well-to-do diamond dealers from the earliest I can remember.



MRS. BARNATO.

The rumors of Barnato's clowning and juggling are untrue, to my knowledge; but he was always interested in the theatre, and possessed natural ability as an actor. I have seen him, as an amateur, perform the part of *Mathias* in "The Bells," and very effectively; and I believe he has even essayed the rôle of *Hamlet*. He had at one time business connections with theatres in South Africa, and I think also in London. In collaboration with Mr. Haddon Chambers he planned to write a romantic play based upon episodes of his own life in the diamond and gold fields.

My own convent education in England, as a young girl, was provided for by Barnato and my sister, but not with a view to the stage career which I subsequently adopted. I have toured professionally through South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand, played with Arthur Roberts in London, and during the past two seasons appeared in comic opera in New York and elsewhere in this country. Whatever reputation I may have gained has been earned, as I hope and believe, on my merits alone.

In conclusion, I can only say that Barney Barnato, as I knew him—and that was not very well, inasmuch as I saw little of him personally except in my childhood—was a complicated mixture of the Bohemian and the man of business. He was at once a plunger and a cool strategist. His generosity was real and spontaneous, though impulsive rather than habitual. I should not have called him an ambitious man, in the ordinary sense of the word. He liked to play high stakes, just for the excitement of the game. That he possessed many sterling qualities as a man and as a friend, none who knew him will dispute; and, whatever his future fame, his death will be widely and sincerely mourned.

Alice Holbrook



MISS LILY RICHARDSON.



MRS. JAMES H. MULLIGAN.



MRS. ALEX JEFFREY.



MISS LUCY LEE HILL, DAUGHTER OF GENERAL A. P. HILL.



MRS. FORNEY, NÉE RICHARDSON.



MISS HARRIET B. RICHARDSON.



MRS. JAMES E. PEPPER.



MISS HELM, WARD OF JOHN G. CARLISLE.



MISS BRADLEY, DAUGHTER OF GOVERNOR BRADLEY.



MRS. DRAPER, DAUGHTER OF GENERAL WILLIAM PRESTON.



MRS. J. G. HUBBELL.



MISS PEPPER OF FRANKFORT.

A DOZEN KENTUCKY BEAUTIES.

Good wine needs no bush, and Kentucky beauty needs no praise. Indeed, Kentucky beauty is an established fact, and has been celebrated for many generations. It is impossible satisfactorily to account for the pre-eminent beauty of Kentucky women, though philosophers, scientists, and poets have all tried their hands at it. The scientists have attributed their beauty to the limestone which makes the blue grass and also contributes to the excellence of the horses; the philosophers have ventured to surmise that the political history which has contributed to the flamboyance of the Kentucky male has had a large share in adding to the beauty of the female; while the poets have been content to see that it was so, and call every star in the heavens to witness that they had sung it under every varying moon. But whatever it be it is so, and an unquestioning belief in that transcendent beauty has become a part of the religion of every Kentuckian worthy of the name and with courage enough to die in his boots. Kentucky women, however, are more than beautiful—they are good. Their goodness makes them free and fearless, and of their virtue their beauty is but a fitting crown.

Illustration

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A WOMAN OF FASHION.

By ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

Illustrations by Abby E. Underwood.



"Given it up!" he echoed. "Surely, music has never been a fad with you."

PART I.

HASBROUK'S story began five years before he had any idea that it was a story at all. It began in Rome. He would have said that it began here in America this past winter, when he met Miss Orton.

Few of us read the opening chapter of our stories at the time they write themselves on our lives; all the world reads the last chapter, because that is written on the world.

Hasbrouk was the artist who, after years of toil and unrecognition, had painted that picture which made him famous for audacity, and the founder of a "school." This winter—the fourth after his great success, and when he had fulfilled so many orders that his physician advised him to go for rest to his native land—he met Miss Orton. He was attracted by her as by no other woman he had ever seen. To-night, at Mrs. Hanover's musicale, the violin-playing of Miss Orton was another link that bound him to her.

He picked up the instrument she had laid aside when he brought her to this room, where there was less glare than in the apartment beyond.

"A Cremona?" he asked, looking at it in the uncertain light. "I was told so," she answered in that low voice that is so often the violinist's. "But it may not be—it was sold for one in Italy." She laughed.

Hasbrouk puckered his brow—was she another of those people who prefer a pessimistic view of life, and who flippantly dispose of the intrinsic principles one is taught from childhood to revere? He had met many such this winter, but from the first he had singled out this woman as possessing too much individuality to descend to platitudes which had been made a fashion. He had denied it over and over to himself that she was one of the people who had sprung up of late who depreciate any and every thing in a foolish, *blasé* way. To-night he had not wanted her, while he had her all to himself, to speak in this way. He had come early in order to watch for her coming, to get her away from others, that he might tell her—what? That he loved her? How would she regard that confession?

"It is odd," he said, "that you have always refused to play for me. Do you know that this is the first time I have ever heard you?"

"I have practically given it up," she replied, arranging the vivid rose resting against her white neck.

"Given it up!" he echoed. "Surely, music has never been a fad with you."

She patted the rose tenderly, coaxing it into the position from which it had been displaced when she had played her violin selection. "How do you know?" she asked. "Haven't I as much right as the rest of the world to have a fad?"

He took in her beauty, the elegance of her costume. She was altogether a society woman. And yet—he loved her.

"Oh," he said, fingering the violin, "perhaps we who go in for any form of art learn something not always disclosed to the mere looker-on. Don't you think we dig into the meaning of things and so get an understanding of much which might otherwise pass unnoticed?"

"I fear that is too deep for me," she returned. "I believe it is Browning who says, 'it is we musicians know,' but I know very little, indeed. But then, I am scarcely a musician. How lovely that little Miss Garvin recited the end of that poem!"

"Yes," he replied; "the end of every recitation is lovely."

She laughed. On the instant Hasbrouk wondered if he had not unconsciously fallen into the tone he so much deprecated in others. But then, what business had a recitation to be mentioned just now?

"Though," she went on, bowing to an elderly man with one arm, who made a most elaborate acknowledgment, "you have not told me why music is not a fad with me."

"Because you have the artistic temperament," he told her. "You could not have played that Chopin thing as you did without feeling it."

"That Chopin thing! That was the saddest of all nocturnes. Could you not detect the upreaching for hope in it?"

Hasbrouk laid down the violin.

"You have proved that your music is not a fad," he said, triumphantly.

Miss Orton bit her lip; she had meant to concede nothing to this man.

"I like music, if that is what you mean," she said, "as you like painting."

Like painting! Hasbrouk was again thrown back upon himself. Like painting! Did she know of his years of struggle and almost despair?

Then his face cleared. Why was this woman concealing herself from him? He knew that she did more than like music. Yet she was a woman of fashion, and to be artistic to a professional degree was not "good form"; a lady's gifts are only accomplishments, and must not be too perfect. But Miss Orton!

He brought himself up in a hurry; was it possible she had seen how much she had become to him, and was this depreciation of art meant to tell him that his suit was not acceptable to her? This woman with so much money to her credit probably regarded him as a small effort of a man in these days when money-getting is the battle that engages energies

which, in more heroic times, were turned to the betterment and the urging to high attainment of man. This was a shock to

him; for the first time he thought thus of her. And yet, to think thus was to belittle himself. What was this woman's wealth to him? If he detected in her but a spark of reciprocation of the feeling he had for her he would possess her, money or no money. Let her get rid of her money—give it away, throw it away—he was a man and could win a way for his wife. For was not an artist of as much account as the millionaire who fights for his canvases? "Sit down and paint, and pity the rich," some one had said. Oh, the new world, the new idea of riches, the new woman! Heartless—heartless.

And yet—he loved her. Aloud he said, with a little rasp in his voice, "You do yourself an injustice in hiding your real appreciation of what you most admire."

Her head went up. He felt that he had gone too far.

"I beg your pardon," he said.

"Be careful!" she cried. He had dropped his hand upon the violin and made a jangling. "That is the E string—my sentimental string; it is a little tender from long dallying with it."

Hasbrouk, strangely enough, felt furious.

"Miss Orton," he said, bitterly, "you women in society would make us believe that sincerity has gone out of fashion."

"Because we do not take life as tragically as some other people?" she asked, placidly. "You do not believe there can be heroism or sacrifice in gentle life?"

"In gentle life, yes," he acknowledged.

"And not in fashionable life?" she took him up. "And yet I have known one or two fashionable women do good deeds, make eminently devoted daughters, wives, mothers, friends. Of course all this has not been done in an artistic fashion. Are the great crises of life done so? You painters make them so; but art is not always true to nature in these particulars."

"Hear! hear!" cried a clear-cut voice.

Their hostess had come up.

"Mrs. Hanover," cried Miss Orton, fanning herself as though she had suddenly become warm, "you have prevented a catastrophe. Mr. Hasbrouk calls us Philistines, and all that sort of thing. You love music and art, don't you?"

"I would rather," answered Mrs. Hanover, impressively, "have art than—than old Venetian *pointe*. That is, if the lace belonged to a woman who could not be cajoled into selling it to me. There is such a woman here to-night, my dear—two flounces eighteen inches deep, and simply flawless. But come, we are to be favored by Madame Allen. Her real name is Sally Allen, Mr. Hasbrouk, only art has mitigated it. She is going to sing Gounod's 'Ave Maria,' and Miss Orton has promised to do the obligato."

Miss Orton rose and picked up her violin.

"You may hold my fan," she said to Hasbrouk.

He flushed—so she meant him to join her after the song was sung. How could he understand this woman?

He watched her going along the polished floor to the drawing-room beyond. Her satin gown trailed after her and touched the shrubbery that lined the way. The jewels in her comb scintillated even in that soft light.

Two or three couples were in the cozy corners Mrs. Hanover had thoughtfully arranged for such of her guests as preferred to set words to the music she had provided for them.

Hasbrouk withdrew into the alcove in which he and Miss Orton had been sitting. He could go to her with her fan when the song was done. Now he would think of her and try to understand her.

In a little while the strains of the violin were borne in to him. Such pathos, such passion, to come from a woman who was seemingly cold and irresponsible! Ah, the reserve power in that touch and tone! Such music a fad? No; he would not believe that the hearts of society women were other than those of women whom circumstances had placed in a different station of life. Yet would a society woman have done as a woman had done five years ago—that woman to whom he owed so much?



"You could not have played that Chopin thing as you did without feeling it."

The one-armed man entered the boudoir. A faultlessly-dressed young fellow issued from a corner shaded by curtains and lamps.

"How do, Jack?" said the older man.

"General," responded the other, "I have saved this place for you. Edith wants to speak to you."

"How do, Miss Garvin?"

The general dropped into the vacant seat. His voice was apparently unaccustomed to a low pitch, so Hasbrouk heard pretty much all he said.

In the airiest badinage the general addressed the recitationist of the evening regarding her late performance. The girl laughed and chatted. The general begged for an orchid from the mass she carried. She demurred in an extravagant fashion.

"Jack will not object," pleaded the general, "if he never hears anything about it. One small flower, that is scarcely a flower, after all. Ah, thanks so much; I will keep it forever."

"Which will be till to-morrow," said the girl.

"Its image will be found photographed on my heart when I die of unreciprocated attachment," retorted the general. "By the way, I heard that Jack's father made a quarter of a million in that last deal of his. Ah, these fellows of voluminous financial prospects!"

"General," pouted Miss Garvin, "you say that as though it were all my fault."

"So it is; he might have been content with the riches of the earth, and left me those of—"

"Heaven! That is very sweet of you. I had to make it heaven, you know—I know my worth. But, general, if you despise the other sort of riches, what is your opinion?"

"I have none," interrupted the general. "Only young men keep their opinions on tap for just such 'pinky porcelain trifles' as you."

This elephantine playfulness crossed Hasbrouk. He frowned. What had he to do with this sort of life? And Miss Orton belonged to such life, was an important part of it, thought and spoke as these people—even old men like this grizzled general was primed with the persiflage of it.

But for that episode of five years back he would believe that "society" was made up entirely of "pinky porcelain trifles" and men with "voluminous financial prospects." Where was art, where were the serious questions of life, in an existence such as this?

(To be concluded.)

"Mahatma Rabbits."

We were coming through some of the loveliest of the Kentucky Blue-grass country, when an elderly gentleman who sat opposite to me remarked to me: "Ah, if you have never eaten a mahatma rabbit you don't know how good a rabbit can be."

He shook his head and looked through the car-window, musing. I kept my eye on his black-silk skull-cap, wondering whether his guardian had gone into the smoker, or whether this victim of dementia was traveling without a guardian of his person. Some minutes before we had begun a casual conversation on rabbits, but I had not told him that I had never eaten a mahatma rabbit.

"The fact is," I said, presently, both to lull my anxiety and out of curiosity, "I don't quite know what a mahatma rabbit is."

Turning his mild, thoughtful eyes upon me, he said, in a kindly tone: "Few people do. The term is, to some degree, an esoteric one. However," he continued, with an indulgent smile, "I don't mind explaining it, if the subject interests you. Did you ever see a rabbit chased by dogs? It looks very frightened, doesn't it? So helpless. It is in the very grasp of its inevitable destiny. But you must not suppose that that rabbit is suffering unmerited pain. My friend, the secret of life is that there is no unmerited or ineffectual pain. The rabbit is hunted because it has sin to expiate—some greater or smaller portion of a sinful past. It is all expiation. The imperishable part of the creature lives on, purified by the pain of the shot, or of the dog's fangs.

"Then, again, there are rabbits that have no sin and live a happy life in sweet consciousness of security. Just imagine the terrible anguish of the poor, defenseless little animal whenever the sound of a human footstep or the bark of a dog reaches it. Have you ever noticed how a rabbit will start, and turn about, and scurry away in sudden fright? Isn't it terrible?"

He laid his hand gently on my knee, and his forehead was contracted in sympathetic pain.

"That is the manifestation of moral consciousness. The guilty rabbit knows what must come to him sooner or later in expiation. On the other hand, there are rabbits that know just the reverse. Whatever they may have done amiss, either in the rabbit form or in any other form, has been expiated. No dog will ever tear them in pieces, no man will ever shoot them. Those are what we call mahatma rabbits."

So much I had already guessed from his general drift. It would have been more tactful to have let him go on, but I had become interested and argumentative.

"Then how can anybody ever taste a mahatma rabbit?" I objected.

"I didn't say anybody ever had, did I? We only know that their flesh must be sweeter and more delicate by far than the flesh of other rabbits. They live sweetly under the ferns, sheltered from the heat of the sun by day and the dew by night, and fearing nothing. Death comes to them gently at last, in some quiet dream, perhaps, while the sunlight filters through the fronds in spots and patches on the soft, grassy lair."

He went on with a vision of the passing of the mahatma, while I reflected on a sense of deep contentment at being gastronomically unacquainted with the relics of these saintly quadrupeds. Presently the conductor came along and glanced sharply at me. The old gentleman nodded to him familiarly, but without ceasing from his discourse on mahatma rabbits.

When the conductor had finished his tour of inspection and was on his way back through our car, he came and took the seat directly opposite to me and next to my casual acquaintance, whom he addressed with respectful friendliness.

"Well, judge," he said, "we haven't had you along since the landslide. I see you bear up well."

"We've all got it to do, captain," the old man answered in a jocular tone utterly unlike that of his former talk. "There isn't anything else to do—'Hoe your own goobers,' you know. Remember what old Lam Spencer said when the Yankee officer brought him the dispatch—oh, I'm forgetting. You're too young to remember '65, captain."

"What's the story, judge?"

"Well, we were all bivouacked out by Rolling Fork, and this Yankee cavalry officer came with two soldiers and a flag of truce. There was a lot of us standing around the old colonel, and he looks up, chewing—always was chewing, you know—he looks up and says, 'I bet any one a penny I know what that means. It means that Joe Johnston has surrendered, and the bottom's clean out of the Confederacy.' And, sure 'nough, that was what it meant. But little Percy Walton says, 'Look here, colonel; I'd like to know what we're goin' to do now. We got no money, an' we got no niggers, even if they leave us the land.' 'Do?' says the colonel. 'Why, you got to do just the same as all the rest—go home and hoe your own goobers.' So, now the bottom's dropped out of democracy for the present, just hoe our own goobers, and the crops will come all right. Isn't that sound philosophy, sir?" he added, turning to me. "But perhaps you're on the sunny side of the political fence? I beg your pardon—Skeffington is my name. This is my friend, Captain Bower."

A little further on, when the judge had given me reason to think him a very entertaining talker and a shrewd man of the world, he got off at a small station. I was glad then of the little acquaintance I had scraped with the conductor, for he took the judge's seat and told me what I was curious to know.

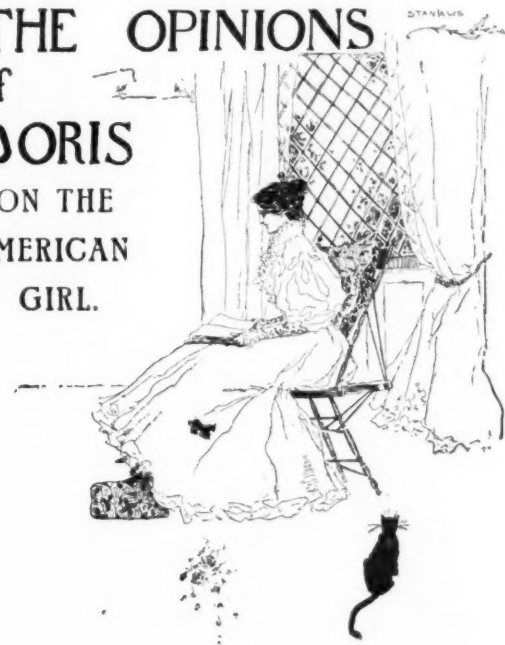
"That's one of the finest old gentlemen in this State," he said, "and comes of a fine family, too. I heard him talking to you about rabbits. You want to be careful not to get him to talking about that. He's all right everywhere else—knows a heap of history and all such. How'd you come to get him on the rabbits?"

I said the judge must have seen a boy with a gun who was carrying some rabbits at one of the crossings we had passed. "How did Judge Skeffington get that fancy of his?" I asked.

"It's a sad story—happened about five years ago, when his little grandniece died. She run one of them long thorns into her hand and it give her the lockjaw. They say she suffered terribly for hours before the doctor come, and the judge sat there all the time, watching her and not able to do a thing for her, so you could see the sweat standing on his forehead. And after that his mind used to wander a good deal at times. But he's all right now, unless you get him on rabbits. He lives on nothing but corn and vegetables."

EWAN MACPHERSON.

THE OPINIONS of DORIS ON THE AMERICAN GIRL.



THERE is no such being as *the* American girl. There are infinite varieties of her type, and they are almost as charming as they are infinite. And how can we, with truth, call her American, when in nine cases out of ten—what do I say? in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred—the generations behind her for centuries were Irish, German, Jewish, Spanish, Italian? I do not speak of the English, for that is the stock from which we began, in the old Puritan days, to really be Americans—but of the amalgamation of races that has resulted in this wondrous flower-fruit of the nineteenth century. Was there ever such a product shown in any market of the world before? A product that is not for sale, except in very rare instances, and always at her own price and of her own free will.

I don't wonder artists paint her—only they never do her justice—that poets sing her, that men adore her, and that no one understands her! All the delightful inconsistencies of femininity exist in her. She takes a degree in science with modest dignity, and then shows you, with enthusiasm, how prettily she can trim a hat. She charms an audience of hundreds with her finger touch on the "beautiful cold white keys," and then goes home to rub her soiled gloves with naphtha, and to add up the housekeeping-book before she sleeps. You watch her spinning down a crowded road on her bicycle, side by side with disreputabilities of both sexes, and she smiles at you. You meet her in the sweet morn of Sabbath coming through the church-gate with half her Sunday-school class clinging about her, and she gives you the self-same smile. Has any man fathomed its meaning? Each may interpret it for himself. I think the dear giver herself could not tell exactly what it means. She bestows it on her father, on her lover, on the postman, on the girl who measures for her a yard of ribbon, on the drunken mendicant, on the noble lord who writes his name on her dance programme, and on the cook when she asks her for a piece of cake between meals. She even bestows it heroically on her dentist. It is the kind of smile one might expect from a Madonna—a Madonna who had learned to flirt, but was still a Madonna. The innocence of an American girl seems to be perennial—or, rather, it is a growth that renews itself. Innocence cannot withstand the perusal of the daily papers, and of them she is (generally) an earnest student. She learns, early, the sad and shameful truths of life, but, somehow, she seems to *unlearn* them again. Her glance is trusting; her eyes meet, frankly and merrily, the eyes that seek them. She is acquainted with vice; she recognizes it, but not with fear. She is curious about it—she pities it boundlessly; it fascinates her, but she is not afraid. And this is why she needs no *duenna*—she can be her own most care-taking chaperon where care is really needed.

The father of *Lady Barbarina*, in Henry James's pretty English novelette, describes her to a would-be suitor (she is a noted beauty) as "a healthy, well-grown girl, modest, obedient, home-loving." Imagine an American father describing his beauty-daughter in such terms! She might deserve such praise, certainly, but she will be sure to deserve some other sort of praise a great deal more.

But then—she is not English. She is an American girl.



DR. HENRY G. HANCHETT.



MRS. H. H. A. BEACH.

MISS FLORENCE TERRELL.
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HERBERT WILBER GREEN, PRESIDENT.



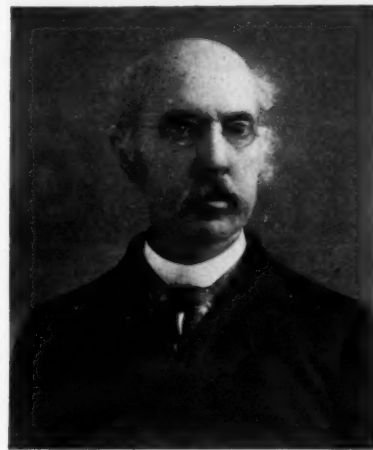
DR. GERRIT SMITH



MISS EMMA THURSBY.



LOUIS ARTHUR RUSSELL.



H. S. PERKINS, SECRETARY.

Music Teachers' National Association.

THE Music Teachers' National Association is in session in New York. For twenty-one years this organization has labored to support right methods of teaching music. Some twenty years ago such men as the late Dr. Eben Tourgee, of Boston, and Theodore Presser saw the necessity of introducing different methods of voice-culture and a more refined interpretation, so that the methods of the old-fashioned singing-school might be improved upon. The association was therefore formed, and entered at once on that career of usefulness of which the musical public is well informed and thoroughly appreciative.

The twenty or twenty-five thousand persons who are in attendance include most of the prominent musicians, critics, composers, and soloists in America, and the programme is so arranged that the sessions are of interest not only to the musician, but to the lay public, as a number of vocal and piano recitals and orchestral concerts were given, and on Monday evening, in the auditorium of the meeting-place, the "Elijah" was rendered by the Brooklyn Oratorio Society. The convention this year is of more interest than usual, the programme being planned on much broader lines than ever heretofore, with a number of important conferences mapped out on voice-culture and themes of

kindred interest, those reading the papers and presiding at the conferences being widely known in the musical world, and worthy to be heard with authority. Another new and important feature this year is the woman's department. Although women have for some time held a position of importance in the musical world, it was not until within the past few years that their work has received adequate attention; and, indeed, up to the time of the Atlanta Exposition last year, the extent of their work was not even known. This year the woman's department of the convention brings prominently before the public the work of such well-known women composers as Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, of Boston; Miss Margaret Ruthven Lang, Mrs. Clara Kathleen Rogers, Julie Rive-King, Miss Fanny M. Spencer, Mrs. Mary Knight Wood, and many others. Of these no one will dispute that Mrs. Beach easily stands at the head. Her work is well known all over the country and is constantly in demand, her compositions being strong and marked by a remarkable versatility; she probably, however, excels in the technique and rich effect that distinguish her Mass in E flat for the organ and small orchestra. Miss Lang's solo compositions are graceful, delicate, and full of a certain fine quality that distinguishes

them greatly. Her songs are great favorites and are much admired. Mrs. Rogers also holds an enviable place among women composers—in fact, all of these named and a number of others have their works given during the season by orchestras, clubs, and various societies, to a degree that shows their work is now holding its own along with what has always been considered the more virile style of the men.

The officers of the association have worked hard to make this convention a success. The president, Herbert Wilber Green, well known for his connection with the Metropolitan College of Music, is a New York man, critic, teacher and composer. The secretary, H. S. Perkins, and the treasurer, F. A. Parker, are men widely known in the musical world. The chairman of the programme committee is Dr. Henry Hanchett, a New York man well qualified for this important post. Dr. Gerrit Smith is known throughout the country. Miss Emma Thursby, long known to the musical public, is identified with the woman's department. Miss Florence Terrell was the fortunate one chosen from a large number of applicants to play with the orchestra. Louis Arthur Russell, of Newark, New Jersey, a member of the executive committee, is a recognized authority.

An Irish Heroine.

MAUDE GONNE, the famous champion of Irish independence, who for the past eight years has acted as an *ex-officio* ambassador from the Independence party to the people of the European continent, is about to start for Ireland for a brief stay prior to her intended trip to the United States. There are many indications that this remarkable woman has succeeded in shaping events in such a manner as to bring about another serious crisis in the affairs of her native land.

"Above all things," she said to me, in the office of her new paper, *L'Irlande Libre*, at No. 6 Rue des Martyrs, in Paris, "above all things, this Irish question must not be sidetracked, as you say in America. If the crisis is not reached in June—that is, if it is not provoked by the counter-demonstrations which we propose to get up in opposition to any open celebration of the Queen's jubilee—it merely means a postponement until next year, when a hundred thousand Irishmen from the United States will visit their native land to do homage to the fallen heroes of 1798."

All who know Maude Gonne—and she is well known and universally beloved in France as well as in her native Ireland—believe her to be a woman of her word, a woman, moreover, who would sacrifice everything for the cause she represents. In her eight years' vigorous campaign against the British government she has given freely from her own purse to the starving peasants, and has braved the rigors of the British law on many occasions.

As Miss Gonne is so soon to appear before American audiences, not in a begging lecturing tour, but solely to arouse enthusiasm for the great centennial project, a few facts regarding her public career may be timely and interesting.

Maude Gonne was born in Dublin about thirty years ago. Her father, an Irishman of an old aristocrat family, held a commission in the British army, and for many years occupied the position of military attaché to her Majesty's embassy at St. Petersburg. Both he and his wife were loyal in their sentiments. Their only daughter, Maude, however, had been impressed, at an early age, by the misery and distress of



MISS MAUDE GONNE.

the unfortunate peasantry, and when at nineteen, she found herself an orphan with a goodly inheritance, she decided to devote her life and her means to the amelioration of so much suffering and the righting of so much wrong. Miss Gonne's first important step was to call on Charles Stewart Parnell, Michael Davitt, O'Leary, and other leaders of the national and agrarian movement, and inform them of her resolution. She was not taken into the councils of these leaders at once, but rather looked upon with suspicion because of her class and parentage, and because also they feared that even if she were sincere, her sincerity was but the outcome of a girlish enthusiasm. But she has proved her faith by her works.

At the beginning she worked among the evicted tenants, preaching to them the necessity of rallying to the cause of home rule, although in her heart she felt that this half-measure would never suffice to lift the burden off the shoulders of the sufferers. So unremitting were her labors in this field, so unceasingly did she toil, that her health gave way under the strain and she had to take to her bed. On the top of this a warrant was issued for her arrest, but she received timely warning and thereupon fled to France.

Ever since this period, eight years ago, Maude Gonne has passed half of her time on the continent and half in her native land, working in the cause of Irish independence in general, and, as an active member of the Amnesty association, endeavoring to bring liberty to the political prisoners in particular. Thanks to her beauty, her nobility of presence, thanks above all to her impassioned eloquence, which has drawn tears to the eyes of many an audience, she has gained the ear of the great French public. She has created a current of opinion which may make itself felt some day in the hour of international strife. There is now an Irish question in France as well as an Egyptian question, or a Newfoundland fisheries question. In America Miss Gonne hopes to be received with hospitality, and to be listened to with sympathy. There can be no question that she will realize her hopes very fully, for the beauty just alluded to will be all-compelling, while her eloquence will prove all-persuading.

V. GRIBAYDOFF.

MESSRS. HUGH MORTON and Gustave Kerker, of the Casino, partook of a lobster salad at two o'clock, A. M., with the usual result—nightmare. The next day they compared notes on their dreams, which shaped themselves into the following plot: Dan Daly, a refined kleptomaniac, abstracted from the Battery Aquarium a mermaid named Dimples, who was so lovely and so clever that in upper Broadway she passed for Madge Lessing. A Scotch detective, disguised as Anna Held, pursued the happy pair through the Tenderloin of New York, across the water to gay Hoboken, and finally under the water off Coney Island, where Fitzsimmons, the living boiled lobster, does the bidding of Father Neptune. Louis Harrison, a down-to-date theatrical manager, is running the Metropolitan Opera House as a music-hall. He has Jean de Reszké there, singing "Sweet Rosie O'Grady," and follows the mermaid with offers of a brilliant vaudeville engagement. This enterprise compels his rival, Oscar Hammerstein, to secure Bernhardt, Calvé, and Edouard de Reszké for the Olympia roof-garden. John Rosemary Drew cannot consider propositions, as he is mixed up in a conspiracy to steal Otero's diamonds for the sake of Otero. In the complicated affairs of these personages the entire population of the Rialto take an active and kindly interest. Catherina Bartho dances a *pas seul* for them in the middle of Broadway, at Forty-second Street, and La Petite Adelaide is similarly obliging in the submarine episode. Even the cable-car gripmen leave their platforms and sing a neat blood-curdling ditty.

This apparently simple yet ingenious story, set to music by Mr. Kerker, and gorgeously staged by Manager Lederer, furnishes an irresistible summer attraction at the Casino, under the appropriate title of "The Whirl of the Town."

Two supplementary pictures show Miss Hope Booth in artistic poses—as herself, and as "Greater New York." We admire most of all her "Bacchante," but refrain from reproducing it here, out of respect to Boston.



"Greater New York."



Hope Booth.

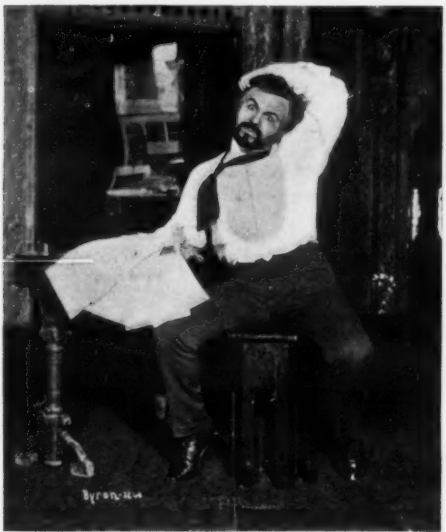
HOPE BOOTH, STATUESQUE POSEUSE.



MADGE LESSING AS THE ESCAPED MERMAID.



BY THE GLAD SEA WAVES.



LOUIS HARRISON AS OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN THINKING.



FAMILIAR FREAKS ABOUT TOWN.



DAN DALY, THE SUMMER MAN.



CHORUS OF CABLE-CAR GRIPMEN.



FITZSIMMONS, THE GIANT LOBSTER.

IN "THE WHIRL OF THE TOWN," AT THE CASINO.



THE FIRST NOTICE.

YOU IMMEDIATELY PAY YOUR DOCTOR'S BILL AND START A NEW ACCOUNT.



"NO, SIR! I'M NOT WORTH 250 DOLLARS!"



URGENT BUSINESS CALLS YOU OUT OF THE CITY.



YOU ATTEND THE FUNERAL OF YOUR 63RD COUSIN



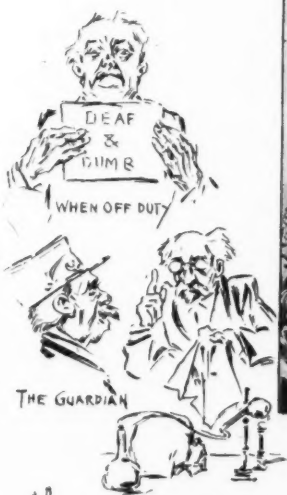
OPPOSED TO CAPITAL PUNISHMENT



EXAMINATION BY THE JUDGE. "HAVE YOU AN OPINION?"



"FLOORED" BY HYPOTHETICAL QUESTION



WHEN OFF DUTY

THE GUARDIAN



IT'S THE THIRD WEEK OF A MURDER TRIAL.



FIRST WEEK - SANGUINE SECOND WEEK - PHLEGMATIC

THIRD & FOURTH WEEK - CHOLERIC & MELANCHOLY



EXPERT TESTIMONY.

ANYTHING TO PASS THE TIME



IN THE JURY ROOM. THE OBSTINATE ONE.



LINED UP FOR COLLECTION

AT LAST!

THE TRIALS OF A JUROR.

[SEE PAGE 10.]

Self-government in Cuba.

As the capital or cabecera of the zone was a league beyond my last camping-place, I decided to proceed there at once. We took the main road to Avocate, situated in the valley between high mountains. On every hand there was evidence of the enemy's destructive progress. Dead horses and cattle were putrefying in the sun, and the ashes of homes were still smoldering. We rode about among the ruins of the republican town for nearly an hour before eight men, watching us from their hiding-places, gained courage and came forth. They were all that was left of the prosperous little settlement which had been formed some three months previous by Bautisto Placé, a Frenchman, commissioned by the Cuban government as prefecto of the zone.

I spent the night with these "citizens," they sharing with me their dinner of boiled roots. We slept on the grass, and in the morning returned to Cabargancito, where the sub-prefecto placed at my disposition the shade of a remaining grove of coffee trees which had escaped the destroying hand of the soldiers. They had attempted to destroy everything else, killing all the cattle, digging up the edible roots, and cutting down trees and plants which might furnish food to the citizens of the republic.

For two days, in Prefectura Charco-Azul, I was confined by the rains in a half-ruined hovel which, hidden by the surrounding bush, had escaped the destroying hand of the soldiers. The captain-prefecto having narrowly escaped capture, and coming there, I joined him in the half-ruined hovel already occupied by a woman and her ten children. In other days I had camped with Indians, but they were much nearer to civilization than this family of Cuban refugees. There may be ample excuse for these people being in rags, but I can see no reason for their refusing to wash themselves. On the morning of my arrival a young bull was killed, and chunks of meat cut from its carcass were roasted in the fire, around which the children sat on their haunches like so many apes, some half-covered with their rags, some naked, but all alike covered with dirt. They passed the day thus gathered around the fire, roasting and eating the meat, and if required to move, they generally moved from side to side without getting up, just as one may see the simians in Central Park. I scolded them liberally for their indolence and dirt. They took my scolding in good humor, and finally one of the girls raised enough energy to wash the three dishes possessed by the household, and while I scraped up the debris covering the mud floor she followed me with a brush, sweeping.

The people dispersed by the Spanish troops had been coming in, and, considering the methods and aim of the Spaniards, it seems really wonderful that so few have been reported killed. Although the soldiers entered Avocate firing volleys right and left, they only succeeded in wounding a four-year-old child and taking prisoners six families of women and children. The men all escaped, in spite of the fact that they were taken by surprise, some of them being fired upon at a distance of twenty-five feet. A boy twelve years old exhibited his hat with a bullet-hole in the rim as an example of close shooting on the part of the soldiers.

Four leagues beyond Avocate the troops surprised the entrenched position Narciso, which they had attacked a year previously, when they were repulsed with disaster. Although the armed forces had all been withdrawn, with the exception of three guards, and the place contained one hundred and fifty men waiting for an expedition of arms to land on the coast, no one was killed, as far as is known, and only one man wounded. So far, in all these operations, only three killed have been reported—one an insurgent lieutenant, found in a house down with the fever, and two prisoners taken in a hospital before the troops reached Avocate—and they were not killed till after the surprise of Narciso. Two dead soldiers were reported on the road just above there. Since writing the above three employees of Charco-Azul have been reported killed. The body of one was found tied to a tree with several bullet-holes and machete-cuts; near by, lying on his back, was this man's son, with a machete-cut across his face which had torn in twain his jaw. The other killed was a boy of fourteen.

It is supposed that the government salt-works on the coast beyond Narciso has also been surprised and captured. The unarmed men who were waiting for the expedition and surprised at Narciso have been passing Prefectura Charco-Azul on their way to join their brigade belonging to Sagua. Most of these men are white, although there were with them two or three herculean negroes.

At every opportunity I questioned these people, and they related their hazardous adventures with as much glee as though with them war was a picnic. I have been surprised at the lack of any revengeful feeling which one would naturally expect them to feel against their cruel enemy. I asked several what they expected to do with the Cubans who are helping the Spaniards, when the war is over and Cuba is free, and the most definite answer that I have yet received has been:

"Well, I suppose we will be friends again, but they will have to hang their heads with shame. Now they have no shame."

Almost every one of the dispersed people I have seen so far is in rags. One boy whose trousers were slit in all directions laughed merely as he described the machete fights with the Spanish guerrillas of Sagua. I questioned him concerning the assassin, Benito Carrera, who is ill-famed for his butchery of non-combatants, and he told me that he fought well, but had killed the insurgent colonel, Sanchez, and five of his men unfairly, having hired a pacifico to poison them. A shade of sadness overspread the boy's face as he told me this story.

A sturdy black, who had fought with Maceo in his invasion of Pinar del Rio, described a battle fought last year near Palos, and which was reported in Havana at the time as a Spanish victory. The forces were encamped and taken by surprise by the Spanish troops about nine o'clock in the morning. The fight lasted all day, and the insurgents lost seven killed and twelve wounded. He said that he had no fear of the

Spanish Mausers after the first volley, for the soldiers generally did the firing by resting the butt of the gun on the ground to avoid the recoil and shooting it off at an angle of about forty degrees.

These people, belonging to the Sagua brigade, told me that they liked fighting the Spaniards. Upon my asking them what they expected to do when they had gained their independence they replied that they would go to planting *boniatos* (sweet-potatoes) again.

It was a novelty for me to hear these half-naked people addressing one another as "citizen." If they wished to call my attention, it was "citizen." No one used the Spanish title, señor or don. Everybody was a citizen, and his title was Citizen So-and-So.

Citizen Juan Bautisto Placé, the prefecto of the district, explained to me the system of government, and his appointment now lies before me as I write, seated on a stump with a bit of board in my lap for a table—and I consider myself lucky to have found the piece of board.

The document consists of a sheet of paper about six by nine inches. In the upper left-hand corner is stamped "Republic of Cuba—Lieutenant-Governor of Trinidad," with the coat-of-arms of the republic in the center. It reads thus: "According to the faculties conceded to me by the law as lieutenant-governor of this district, I have seen fit to name you prefecto of Charco-Azul, trusting that you will know how to comply with the duties which the office imposes upon you in interest of the republic—Patria y Libertad—Cabargancito, December 10th, 1896. El Teniente Gobernador, Enrique Gomez. To the Citizen Juan Bautisto Placé."

The prefecto showed me many of his official documents, which are deposited in the archives carried around his secretary's neck. These were saved from falling into the hands of the Spanish soldiers by the trusty secretary throwing himself into the bush and tumbling over a rocky precipice. He now exhibits himself with his shirt torn into shreds, minus a hat, and body badly scratched. He has shown me the public documents of two marriages officiated by the prefecto, and the proceedings in one case of breach of promise.

THOMAS R. DAWLEY, JR.

An Army Emergency Ration.

E Troop, First Cavalry, United States Army, commanded by Captain W. C. Brown and accompanied by Lieutenant-Colonel



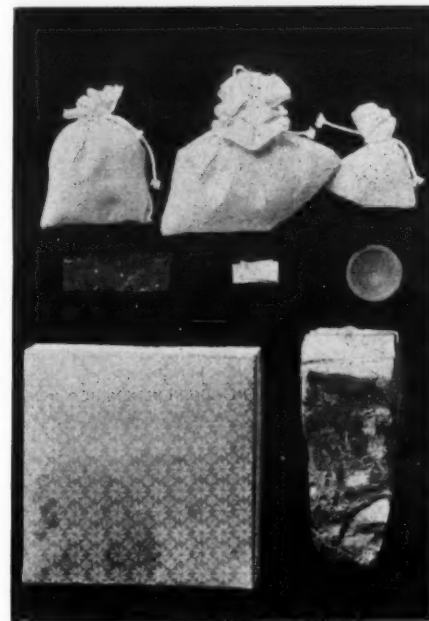
CAPTAIN W. C. BROWN.

Charles Smart, deputy surgeon-general of the United States, returned May 29th to Fort Sill, Indian Territory, after a ten-days march of about two hundred and fifty miles, made entirely on the "emergency ration" lately adopted by the War Department. The final selection of this ration has taken over two years. The first step was the calling of a special board in each of the eight departments. These eight boards reported to a general board, which formulated its recommendations upon information gleaned from the

department reports. Forty-five of the best known and most experienced officers of the army lent their aid to the work, and the final test as made by E Troop shows the result to have been founded upon the practical experiences of the past, and not upon any untried theories. The full ration as issued to the troop was sixteen ounces of hard bread, ten ounces of bacon, two ounces of coffee, four ounces of pea-meal, one-half ounce of salt, two-fifths of an ounce of pepper, four grains of saccharine, and one-half ounce of tobacco. Five of these rations were issued to each man, and each trooper subsisted for ten days on the five days' rations. The trip was a perfect test of the value of the ration, as the weather was very bad and all conditions favorable to try the resisting power of the soldiers. Scales were taken along and the men weighed each day. Dynamometers were used to register the daily loss or gain of strength. Dr. Smart sums up the results of the trip as "eminently satisfactory." The men each lost three pounds. They gained in strength, as the troop as a whole lifted a ton more on the machines the tenth day than they did on the first. No wagons or pack animals were used, each soldier carrying his equipment and his ten days' food on his horse. The total weight on the horse was ninety-two pounds of equipment and an average of one hundred and fifty-one pounds for

the man. Dr. Smart says that from a medical point of view this trip will cause many of the authorities to revise their opinions as to the necessary number of indigenous units needed to repair muscular waste, and the amount of water free food necessary to sustain a man under conditions of physical activity.

Military authorities view the experiment as one of great



EMERGENCY RATIONS.

value, as it opens up a new field of military tactics independent of wagon trains or pack-mule transportation, these operations extending for a much longer period and over a far greater scope of country than has ever before been possible. The cost of the full ration to the government is seventeen and one-quarter cents. The soldiers of E Troop, therefore, lived on eight and five-eighths cents a day for each man.

Jury Duty.

HOW IT IS PERFORMED, AND HOW EVADED, IN NEW YORK.

ONE of the chief permanent occupations of the adult male New-Yorker is the evasion of jury duty. From the observations of the commissioner of jurors and his deputies, it would appear that if there is any eagerness manifested to be the judicial peers of persons on trial in the various civil district courts, such disposition is confined entirely to the class not qualified to serve. The pains and ingenuity expended by the average eligible juror in dodging a summons would be of inestimable service if they could be diverted intact to the administration of justice.

Major William Plimley, the present commissioner of jurors, was appointed March 1st, 1895, as the head of the jury department of this city; and since that time probably no other city office has been so affected by legislation. Notwithstanding this fact, and the extra demands caused by new laws, some important improvements have been suggested and carried out by Major Plimley.

In 1895 the city annexed a large part of Westchester County, comprising a sparsely inhabited district of twenty-eight square miles, which added much territory, but few jurors. To seek out one person in this district requires more labor and time than to find a hundred persons in the city proper. In the same year there were established two new civil district courts; also an extra trial part of the General Sessions. On January 1st, 1896, the Court of Oyer and Terminer, the Superior and Common Pleas courts were merged into the Supreme Court. By reason of these augmentations and changes three thousand five hundred more jurors were drawn for 1896 than for 1895.

A further change in the jury system is the special jury act of 1896, whereby a special commissioner is to select at least three thousand six hundred names from the petit-jury list. The persons represented are to act only in criminal cases of more than ordinary notoriety. The formation of the list is now in progress, and as these jurors are picked men, who are above the average, extraordinary effort must be made to replace with jurors of equal calibre the number lost, otherwise the petit-jury list will fall below the general average.

Among the many improvements may be mentioned that the commissioner is now the custodian of the ballots after they are drawn, whereas, formerly, the county clerk held them until the end of the year; the service of notices on jurors to attend court,



E TROOP, FIRST CAVALRY, AFTER A TEN-DAYS MARCH ON THE EMERGENCY RATIONS.

heretofore performed by the sheriff, is now made by the commissioner, thus insuring better service, and this part of the system will be further improved by a bill before the present Legislature requiring the person served, or his representative, to sign a receipt for the notice delivered, so that if a juror be fined for non-attendance and forget that a notice was left for him, his signature, or that of his representative, may strengthen his memory.

All these are minor improvements, compared to the important one of giving the commissioner power to relieve a man for two years after he has served twelve days as a juror during a term of court. During the jury year of 1895-6 twelve thousand two hundred men actually served as jurors, and the supply of the courts of record without this large number, and by reason of other drains, could only be carried out by the constant supervision of a thoroughly competent head. To improve the jury system means to make the jury service easier. This exemption for two years does make the duty lighter, and it may be called the first great reform in the jury system of this county. It is the aim of the commissioner eventually to make the reprieve three instead of two years—and he is sure to accomplish it.

To supply the courts is the result only—to obtain competent persons is the means, and the examination of these persons is done by a corps of trained assistants who are: P. H. Dunn, deputy commissioner; Frederick O'Byrne, assistant deputy commissioner (who was re-appointed by the commissioner on account of his knowledge of the jury law and the detailed workings of the office), and Nicholas A. Knox, chief clerk.

The city may be regarded as divided into two hostile camps—the commissioner of jurors against the whole town, women included, for they will help their relatives and friends on all occasions to escape. The law is the whip which the commissioner must keep in constant use to drive men to jury duty. Some will come at the swish, others need a touch only, while others require the full force of the blow. When they are required to respond each one has up his sleeve a pet scheme to escape, and the scheme is unfolded sometimes in a diplomatic way, sometimes in a disagreeable manner. Frequently a lawyer accompanies a prospective juror, who then fares badly, because the lawyer will invariably undertake to instruct the deputy behind the desk. Again, women are sent to the office with notices, or they come with jurors in the hope to influence the deputy.

It is one of the duties of the corps of assistants to oppose and outflank these schemers. In many the patience of a Job is required. At least three hundred thousand call at the commissioner's office in the course of a year, and necessarily there is diversity of character. Seriousness, of course, predominates, but much of the comedy side of life asserts itself. A German, fancying himself proficient in English, when asked how long he had been in America, exclaimed, "Oh! I get me up at eight o'clock in the morning." Another German, one of those fat, phlegmatic, red-faced and rotund creatures, came in one day with a notice and said:

"What for you send me this notice? I live in Brooklyn."

"The directory does not give your house address."

"My name is not in the directory!"

"Oh, yes, it is, and according to it you live nowhere."

The directory was shown him, and he said to the deputy:

"I excuse you, I excuse you," and he walked away.

It is surprising to note the number of persons who are too intelligent or too learned to do jury duty. The following declaration is a sample: "I am a believer in the ideas of Lombroso, and I consider crime a disease."

Some are too patriotic to serve with what they call "the foreign element." Some are so conscientious that they will not sit in judgment over the quarrels of their brothers. Then there is the man who will not take an oath—in one of these cases a judge returned a juror's notice with the indorsement, "Mentally disqualified."

So many and so curious are the pretexts for evasion, that it seems at times as if every one believed truly and firmly, as did the German who handed in his notice with the remark:

"Mister, I can't be it."

A Morning in June.

I.

I look o'er silvery fields of rye,
To where the distant, purple hills
Are set against the pale blue sky.

II.

The valley's rim is moist and bright,
And silently its great bowl fills
With the warm, golden wine of light.

III.

I hear the cat-bird's matin song,
And where the ruby cherries glow
The noisy jays and blackbirds throng.

IV.

With glossy sides and udders clean,
The quiet cows from milking go
To pleasant slopes of pastures green.

V.

Rank after rank the martial corn,
With burnished helms and spears and greaves,
Comes jeweled from the tents of Morn.

VI.

The clouds move slow; an idle breeze
Roms fitfully among the leaves
That crown the lofty maple-trees.

VII.

The chords of earth are touched, and thrill
Beneath the Master's hand, and own
Obedience to His gracious will.

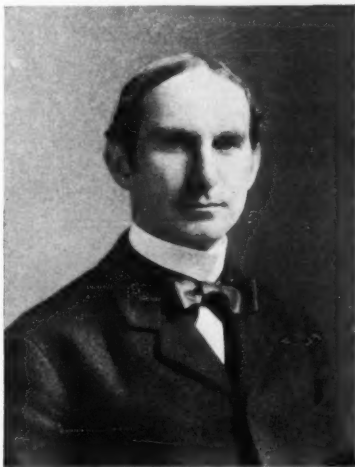
VIII.

And all around, below, above,
In ever swelling, deepening tone,
I hear the melody of love.

INGRAM CROCKETT.

The Wool Exchange and Its Founders.

On the occasion of the recent reception, at the Wool Exchange, New York, of the Mexican and Central and South

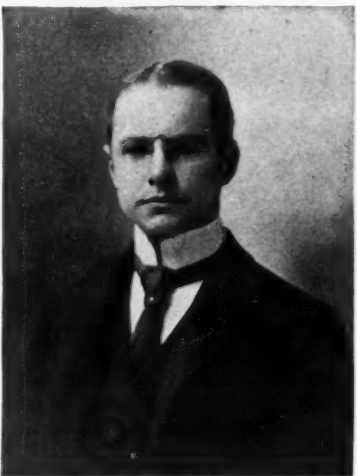


MR. JAMES MACNAUGHTAN.

American commercial delegates, President Allan Macnaughtan, in his address of welcome, said: "The Wool Exchange is one of the youngest of the progressive movements in this country. It is not a local enterprise, but opens its doors to all of the merchants of the world. Some of the countries you represent have been in advance of us in the production of wool. Our people have gladly learned wisdom from your experience, and have shown their admiration of your successes by imitating the methods by which you attained them."

As a matter of fact, while the industry of producing and manufacturing wool is one of the largest of our national industries, it has suffered in the past from inadequate and antiquated methods of doing business, from unwise legislation, and internal misunderstanding between the related interests, all of which it would have been spared by organization. Upon the necessity for such organization, every other important industry had long since acted; and until the establishment of the Wool Exchange in New York—the logical wool-market of the country, and the great distributing centre for the trades generally—the United States was the only wool-producing country without the facilities afforded by the "open-market" system.

The Wool Exchange in New York is a co-operative association of wool growers, wool dealers, woolen manufacturers, general merchants and forwarders, bankers, brokers, and others interested in the industry of producing or manufacturing wool. It brings the manufacturer and the grower together on terms of equality and fraternity. Through its agency a new era of growth and thrift for the wool interests of the United States is assured.



MR. ALLAN MACNAUGHTAN.

The association owns and occupies the splendid typical modern structure of down-town New York known as the Wool Exchange Building, situated on the block bounded by West Broadway, Beach Street, and St. John's Lane. The basement of this building is occupied on one side by the safe-deposit vaults, on the other by the sorting-room of the post-office branch, the general-delivery room of which is on the first floor. The Tradesmen's National Bank is on the first floor, or street level, which is also the trading floor of the Wool Exchange. The second floor is occupied by the Exchange executive offices, and the third, fourth, fifth, ninth, and tenth floors by the various offices of the wool trade. The entire area of the sixth, seventh, and eighth floors is devoted exclusively to the exhibit of wools for auction. The eleventh floor is occupied by the Wool Club, of which Mayor Strong is president, and which has a membership of six hundred, with a large waiting list.

The prime movers in the establishment of this extensive organization of the wool trade and its allied interests are the brothers Macnaughtan. These young men are New-Yorkers born and bred, being the sons of William Macnaughtan, the former chief representative in the United States of the Hudson's Bay Company. The elder Macnaughtan, a Scotsman by birth, came to this country in the 'fifties, and associated himself, in the fur trade, with Ramsay Crooks, who had been a partner of John Jacob Astor, and subsequently one of the California



MR. WILLIAM MACNAUGHTAN.

Argonauts of '49. Crooks was the Hudson's Bay Company's chief representative when joined by Macnaughtan, and the latter succeeded him in that capacity. Through this connection the Macnaughtan family came into possession of some interesting relics of the

original Astor, including the office-desk—preserved to-day at the Wool Exchange—at which the German fur-trader from Waldorf turned over his first ten thousand dollars profits, the foundation of the Astor millions. When the Hudson's Bay Company concentrated its executive offices in the London headquarters, William Macnaughtan remained in this country and, by a natural transition, turned his activity from the fur into the wool trade. His sons are the "Macnaughtan boys" of to-day, whose portraits appropriately accompany these notes.

These young men, as has been said, are in their several capacities the leading spirits of that extensive association of allied interests known as the Wool Exchange of New York. They are: Allan Macnaughtan, president of the Wool Exchange; James Macnaughtan, president of the Tradesmen's Bank; and William Macnaughtan, president of the New York Wool Warehouse Company. A fourth brother, Ramsey Macnaughtan, retired from business ten years ago.

A Quartette of Racing Men.

HERE is a picture, taken on the brink of Niagara Falls, of four of the most sportsmanlike sporting men in the two continents in which sport, as we understand it, is indigenous. On the left of the picture is Mr. John Kelly, of New York, who beams with such geniality upon Fortune, whether she be kind or fickle, that he is more generally known on race-track and in political caucus as "Smiling Johnny" than by his more conventional name. Next to Mr. Kelly, and standing, is Mr. Cliff Moore, better known, perhaps, than here in England and France, where he is

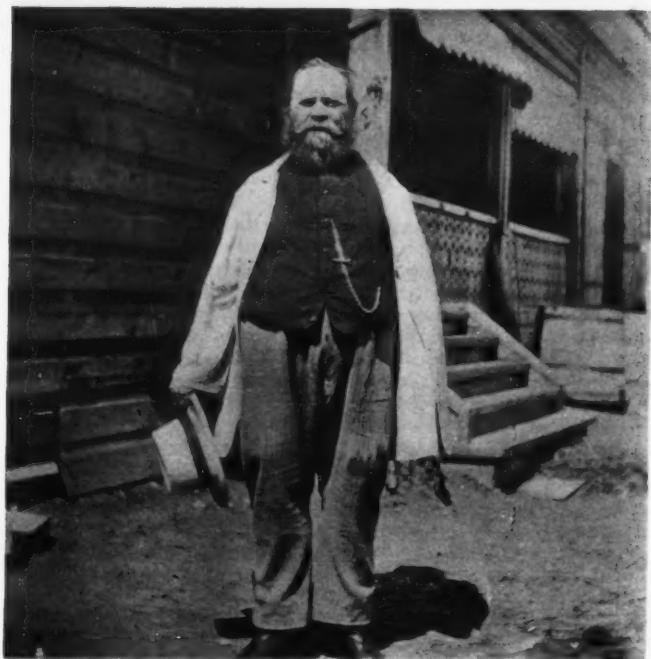


associated with Mr. Robert Lebaudy, the racing man. And then comes Mr. J. E. McDonald, known to his familiars as "Jack," every inch a man and a sportsman, with a capacity to take the wagers of the heaviest plungers without a blink, and see his own horses go wrong with philosophic good nature. And then we have Mr. Loates, last and doubly least—doubly least to the same effect of the double negative—for Mr. Loates (Tommy is his first name) is the champion light-weight jockey of the world. He lives in England, where he is a man of great fame, and stands in the public regard there very much as Archer used to stand, and as Taral stands in this country. The visit to Niagara was for his benefit, as he is touring in this country just now. The placid look upon the faces of these four gentlemen, while the angry water foams and swirls in the background, makes one of the most pleasing contrasts and captivating pictures it has ever been our fortune to give to the public. This placidity of expression, by the way, is characteristic of men who lead what we regard as exciting lives, and who take quick chances which would drive the deacons and the elders of the churches crazy with anxiety, besides turning their hair gray in anticipation.

Royal makes the food pure,
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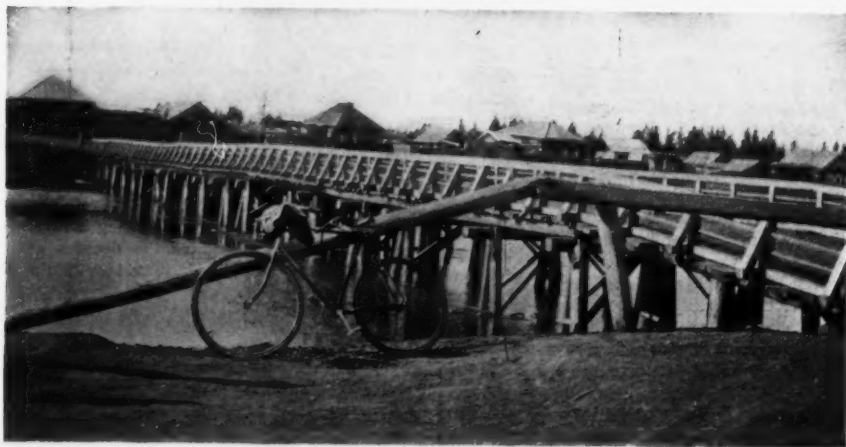
A GATE-KEEPER IN SIBERIA.



ENTERING A SIBERIAN TOWN.



STARTING A JOURNEY FROM IRKUTSK, SIBERIA.



SIBERIAN HIGHWAY BRIDGE.



HALTING ON A WEARY STRETCH.

SIBERIAN SKETCHES, V.—POST TRAVEL IN SIBERIA.

THE Imperial Russian Post is now perhaps the most extensive and perfectly organized horse-express service in the world. The whole empire is one vast net-work of post-routes. The Russian post-route, however, is a very different thing from the west European post-routes. There are, generally speaking, no stage-coach lines in Russia; the vehicles that carry the mails do not carry passengers, and, away from the railroads, there is no such thing as traveling upon a fixed time-schedule. You may travel at the rate of one hundred and fifty miles in twenty-four hours, or twenty-four miles in one hundred and fifty hours, just as you feel inclined. You may stop as long as you like, and where you like; and when you are ready to move on you have only to send your *padarozhuaya*, or order for horses, to the nearest post-station, and in twenty minutes you will be riding away at the rate of ten miles an hour.

The packing of this vehicle requires nothing short of a Siberian education. Avoid boxes as you would the plague! The edges and corners will cruelly bruise your back and legs. Choose, rather, flat portmanteaus and soft bags, and spread them on a layer of hay at the bottom of the *tarantass*. Then

put over them a thin mattress and hearth-rug, and at the back of the carriage place two or more pillows of the softest down.

And now begin your pains and penalties! The roughness of the road and the lack of springs combine to cause a shaking up, the very remembrance of which is painful. Let the reader imagine himself about to descend a hill, at the foot of which is a stream crossed by a corduroy bridge of poles. The ordinary *tarantass* has no brake, the two outer horses are in loose harness, and the one in rods has no breeching. The whole weight of the machine, therefore, is thrown on his collar. In order to relieve this, as well as to increase the impetus to carry you up the opposite hill, all three horses are started on the pull before the first half of the hill is descended. The bridge is approached at a flying pace, and now comes the excruciating moment. Most likely—almost to a certainty—the rain has washed away the earth a good six inches below the first timber of the bridge, against which—bump! go your fore-wheels, and thump! go your hind ones; whilst fare and driver are alike shot up high into the air.

A Siberian team never fully shows what it can do, however, until it is within a mile of its destination, and then it suddenly becomes a living tornado of energy. All you can do is to shut your eyes, trust in Providence, and hold on.

But this method of traveling in Siberia, at least along the main post-route, is now rapidly giving way to the modern innovation. The Great Siberian Railway, which taps the same belt of country as the main post-route, is already diverting, as far as it goes, most all the passenger and a large portion of the freight traffic from the latter channel. Under the pressure of this overwhelming competition the institution of the *tarantass* is fast becoming obsolete, and in consequence second-hand traveling vehicles are a glut on the market. In the cities of Omsk and Tomsk, to which the railway has reached, a *tarantass* which once sold for one hundred and fifty dollars can now be bought very readily for forty dollars. It seems very evident that the Great Siberian post-road, which has been the scene of so much of Siberian history and so many of its exile tragedies, will soon become a merely local highway, or sink entirely into grass-grown obscurity.

THOMAS G. ALLEN, JR.

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"IN ALL THE WORLD NO TRIP LIKE THIS."

To tour the Great Lakes and their connecting rivers would, under any circumstances, be a journey full of charm and interest; but to make the round trip from Buffalo to Duluth by the magnificent steamships of the Northern Steamship Company is to experience the most delightful two thousand miles of travel it is possible to take.

Starting from Buffalo at 10:15 p. m. on any Tuesday or Friday during the summer season, the route is through Lake Erie, touching at Cleveland early the next morning, and at Detroit that afternoon, passing through the "straits," the beautiful Lake St. Clair, and the St. Clair River by daylight, then into Lake Huron and through that great inland sea, reaching historic Mackinac Island at 10:30 the second morning; thence up the extremely picturesque St. Mary's River, dotted with full five thousand islands, and passing through the "Soo" and its world-famed locks, all by daylight. The following night and day are spent on the vast expanse and in the invigorating atmosphere of Lake Superior, Duluth coming into sight as the evening shadows fall. After three-quarters of a day in the Zenith City, the return trip is made in the reverse order, so that the entire route is seen, going or coming, by daylight, and Buffalo reached at noon of the seventh day.

"Seven halcyon days of blessed rest,"

worth a month's ordinary vacation to the weary brain and tired body.

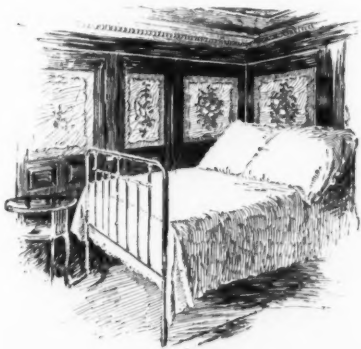
While to this unequalled cruise for rest and health and pure enjoyment Nature has contributed so much that is grand and beautiful, nineteenth-century progress, as evidenced in the flourishing cities, summer resorts, and the immense commerce of the Lakes, has added that requisite so necessary to interest one and so noticeably lacking in a mere ocean voyage. But it remained for the Northern Steamship Company to bring all within the experience of the tourist by a fleet of steamships which are to the Great Lakes what the finest hotels are to the most celebrated summer resorts.

The *North Land* and *The North West* are, indeed, nothing less (and at the same time a great deal more) than great summer hotels afloat.

Banish from your mind at once any idea of the

"cabin, cribbed, confined"

quarters of the ordinary steamship, and replace it with the picture of private parlors *en suite* with bath, brass bedsteads, couches,



easy-chairs, electric lights, etc., with state-rooms finished in Cuban mahogany.

No freight is carried. Every precaution and every appliance known to marine architecture of the very latest type for the safety and the convenience of the passengers are provided.

The cuisine is equal in every respect to that of the finest hotels, while the appetizing air gives a zest to the enjoyment of the meals peculiar to this ozone-laden atmosphere.

The price of the round-trip ticket from Buffalo to Duluth and return is \$29, less than 1½ cents per mile. The price of berths, state-rooms, and suites of rooms varies, according to the location, capacity and elegance, from \$9 round trip. Meals are served *à la carte*, so that their cost can be regulated by the passenger. The menu prices are moderate, and liberal portions being served, two or more persons traveling together can materially reduce the cost of each.

Passengers wishing to make longer stops at Cleveland, Detroit, Mackinac Island, Sault Ste. Marie, or Duluth than is made by the steamship can obtain stop-over checks good for the entire season.

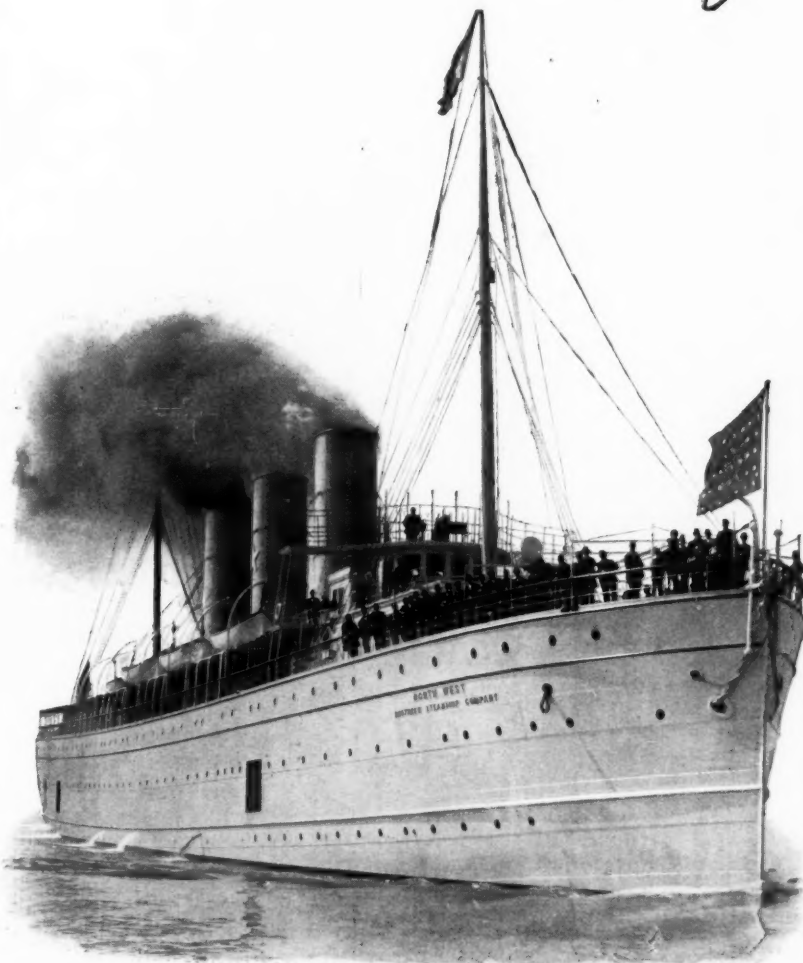
Connections are made at Duluth with the Great Northern Railroad, Northern Pacific Railroad and diverging roads, for all points farther west to Yellowstone Park, Great Falls, Helena, Butte, Pacific Coast cities, and Pacific Steamship lines.

President McKinley

WROTE A FRIEND

"... Last summer I took a trip from Cleveland to Duluth on the 'Northwest,' and never did I have a more enjoyable vacation. The scenery is superb and the vessel a veritable floating palace. . . ."

Wm. McKinley



THE ABOVE WAS WRITTEN BY PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AFTER A TRIP ON THE NORTHERN STEAMSHIP COMPANY'S LINE.

Further particulars will be furnished by addressing

I. M. BORTLE, Gen. Pass. Agent,
Northern S. S. Co., Buffalo, N. Y.
W. C. FARRINGTON, Vice-President.

Or any railroad ticket agent or the following agents of the Northern S. S. Co.:

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Minneapolis, Minn., 300 Nicollet Ave., V. D. Jones, City Pass. and Ticket Agt.
Montreal, Quebec, 1761 Notre Dame St., W. G. McLean, Trav. Agt.
New York, N. Y., 375 Broadway, E. D. Spencer, Gen'l Agt. Pass. Dept.
Philadelphia, Pa., 42 South Third St., A. C. Harvey, Dist. Pass. Agt.
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"Thrift is a — good revenue."
Great saving
results from
cleanliness and **SAPOLIO**.
It is a solid cake of scouring soap.
Try it in your next house-cleaning and be happy.

Looking out over the many homes of this country, we see thousands of women wearing away their lives in household drudgery that might be materially lessened by the use of a few cakes of SAPOLIO. If an hour is saved each time a cake is used, if one less wrinkle gathers upon the face because the toil is lightened, she must be a foolish woman who would hesitate to make the experiment, and he a churlish husband who would grudge the few cents which it costs.

NEED a tonic? You will enjoy life while taking Abbott's Angostura Bitters. Enjoy the tonic, too. Nothing but Abbott's will do. The original.

THE Sohmer Piano is an instrument that is an ornament to any parlor.

FEED THEM PROPERLY

and carefully; reduce the painfully large percentage of infant mortality. Take no chances and make no experiments in this very important matter. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk has saved thousands of little lives.

GREAT WESTERN CHAMPAGNE—there's health in every drop. Pleasant Valley Wine Company, Rheims, New York.

USE BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.

DR. SIEBERT'S Angostura Bitters is the only genuine. Accept no imitations.

Advice to Mothers: MRS. WINSTON'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

Set of twelve Portfolios, sixteen full-page photos each thirteen and one-half by eleven, one hundred and ninety-two pages in all; subject, "Beautiful Paris"; edition cost one hundred thousand dollars; given absolutely free, with beautiful case, by Dobbins Soap Manufacturing Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, to their customers. Write for particulars.

Free to Every Man.

THE METHOD OF A GREAT TREATMENT.

WHICH CURED HIM AFTER EVERYTHING ELSE FAILED.

Painful diseases are bad enough, but when a man is slowly wasting away with nervous weakness the mental forebodings are ten times worse than the most severe pain. There is no let-up to the mental suffering day or night. Sleep is almost impossible, and under such a strain men are scarcely responsible for what they do. For years the writer rolled and tossed on the troubled sea of sexual weakness until it was a question whether he had not better take a dose of poison and thus end all his troubles. But providential inspiration came to his aid in the shape of a combination of medicines that not only completely restored the general health, but enlarged his weak, emaciated parts to natural size and vigor, and he now declares that any man who will take the trouble to send his name and address may have the method of this wonderful treatment free. Now when I say free I mean absolutely without cost, because I want every weakened man to get the benefit of my experience.

I am not a philanthropist, nor do I pose as an enthusiast; but there are thousands of men suffering the mental tortures of weakened manhood who would be cured at once could they but get such a remedy as the one that cured me. Do not try to study out how I can afford to pay the few postage-stamps necessary to mail the information, but send for it, and learn that there are a few things on earth that, although they cost nothing to get, they are worth a fortune to some men and mean a lifetime of happiness to most of us. Write to Thomas Slater, Box 529 Kalamazoo, Michigan, and the information will be mailed in a plain sealed envelope.

JURY NOTICE.

NOTICE OF COMMISSIONERS OF JURORS IN REGARD TO CLAIMS FOR EXEMPTION FROM JURY DUTY.

Room 123, Stewart Building,
No. 280 Broadway, Third Floor,
New York, June 12th, 1897.

Claims for exemption from jury duty will be heard by me daily at my office, from 9 A. M. until 4 P. M. Those entitled to exemption are clergymen, lawyers, physicians, surgeons, surgeon-dentists, professors or teachers in a college, academy or public school; editors, editorial writers or reporters of daily newspapers; licensed pharmacists or druggists actually engaged in their respective professions and not following any other calling; militiamen, policemen and firemen; election officers; non-residents; and city employees and United States employees; officers of vessels making regular trips; licensed pilots actually following that calling; superintendents, conductors and engineers of a railroad company other than a street railroad company; telegraph operators actually doing duty as such; Grand, Special, Sheriff's and Civil Court Jurors; and persons physically incapable of performing jury duty by reason of severe sickness, deafness or other physical disorder. Those who have not answered as to their liability or proved permanent exemption will receive a "jury enrollment notice," requiring them to appear before me this year. Whether liable or not, such notices must be answered (in person, if possible), and at this office only, under severe penalties. If exempt, the party must bring proof of exemption; if liable, he must also answer in person, giving full and correct name, residence, etc., etc. No attention paid to letters.

All good citizens will aid the course of justice and secure reliable and respectable juries and equalize their duty by serving promptly when summoned, allowing their clerks or subordinates to serve, reporting to me any attempt at bribery or evasion, and suggesting names for enrollment. Persons between twenty-one and seventy years of age, summer absentees, persons temporarily ill and United States Jurors are not exempt. Every man must attend to his own notice. It is a misdemeanor to give any jury paper to another to answer. It is also punishable by fine or imprisonment to give or receive any present or bribe, directly or indirectly, in relation to a jury service, or to withhold any paper or make any false statement, and every case will be fully prosecuted.

WILLIAM PLIMLEY,
Commissioner of Jurors.

THE JUBILEE YEAR
FOR THE "MONARCHS"

THE MONARCH CYCLE
THE MECHANICAL TRIUMPH OF THE VICTORIAN ERA.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.
Monarch Cycle Mfg. Co.
CHICAGO, NEW YORK, LONDON.

JUDGE'S PICTURE PUZZLES.

Here are ten pictures. Each one represents the name of a well-known BICYCLE manufactured in the United States. You will see that No. 1 is COLUMBIA, and you will also see from this how to work out the other pictures. We have \$250.00 to give away to the first ten and most successful of our readers who solve these ten illustrations and THIRTY (30) others, that will appear during the next three weeks, as follows:

\$250 IN PRIZES.

1st Prize, - \$100.00 | 3d Prize, - \$20.00 | 5th Prize, - \$10.00 | 7th Prize, - \$10.00 | 9th Prize, - \$10.00
2d Prize, - 50.00 | 4th Prize, - 20.00 | 6th Prize, - 10.00 | 8th Prize, - 10.00 | 10th Prize, - 10.00

A TOTAL OF \$250.00 TO BE DIVIDED AMONG TEN PEOPLE.



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READ THESE DIRECTIONS CAREFULLY.

In addition to the above: Every contestant who remits JUDGE 10c. will receive an extra copy of JUDGE, entitling the purchaser to a second opportunity to solve the puzzles of that issue. 4c. out of each 10c. will be placed to the credit of the person sending in the said amount of 10c., and the fund thus created will be devoted to the purchase of premiums which will be awarded to the one hundred most successful contestants; the value of these premiums depending entirely upon the number of subscriptions received. In order to participate in the awards of this special proposition, each contestant must buy from JUDGE the four numbers of JUDGE (viz., Nos. 820, 821, 822 and 823) containing the complete series of 40 pictures. If desired, these four issues can be remitted for by mail at one time, or 10c. sent each week for four weeks.

Write the solution underneath each picture, cut out sheet (holding it until the fourth and last series of puzzles is published in JUDGE No. 823), and write your name and address plainly on the bottom thereof; then mail all four sheets pinned together in the upper left-hand corner to the "JUDGE PRIZE-PUZZLES DEPARTMENT, 110 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK," in time to reach this office not later than one week from date of JUDGE No. 823. All solutions arriving later will be disqualified.

NOTICE.—This is an advertisement of the JUDGE Picture Puzzles, and by arrangement with the publisher of JUDGE the readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY are entitled to compete for the prizes and send in their answers for the first three sets of Picture Puzzles; but to complete the competition, JUDGE No. 823 (July 24th, 1897) must be purchased and the answers sent in as above directed to JUDGE'S PRIZE-PUZZLES DEPARTMENT, 110 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

PARFUMERIE
ED. PINAUD,
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ELIXIR DENTIFRICE.
AN EXQUISITE ANTISEPTIC MOUTH WASH.
INSURES HARD GUMS, WHITE TEETH, AND SWEET BREATH.
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OR CORRESPOND WITH ED. PINAUD'S, N.Y. IMPORTATION OFFICE 46 EAST 14TH ST.

BE BEAUTIFUL! IF YOUR BLOOD IS BAD
YOUR FACE SHOWS IT.
It's nature's warning that the condition of the blood needs attention
before more serious diseases set in. Beauty is blood deep.
**HEED THE
RED FLAG
OF DANGER,**
Cascarets
When you see pimples and liver
spots on your face.
Make the COMPLEXION Beautiful, by Purifying the BLOOD.
If the blood is pure, the skin is clear, smooth and soft. If you take
our advice, you will find CASCARETS will bring the rosy blush of
health to faded faces, take away the liver spots and pimples. Help
nature help you!
ALL DRUGGISTS.
10c., 25c., 50c. **YOU CAN, IF YOU ONLY TRY.** No. 259

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Luxurious Writing!

(H. HEWITT'S PATENT.)

Suitable for writing in every position; glide over
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Forty Cents and this Coupon will buy you one
TALKING-MACHINE RECORD.
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OUR new sensational discovery cures even the most serious cases of deafness. Ringing of the ears stopped immediately. Innumerable patients cured. Send accurate description of your ailment, and we will examine your case free of charge and explain how you can recover your hearing at slight expense. Aural Institute, 236 East Eighty-fifth Street, New York. Ludwig Moerck, director.

For some time past the designers of collars have been experimenting with the high-banded turn-down collar, in order to overcome the faults that threatened that style with ruin. The faults in the old collars were the liability to break down at the points and the impossibility of working a cravat-band about the neck when tying it. Earl & Wilson have succeeded in overcoming these faults, and at the same time they have given us a very slightly collar in the new Pocantico. This collar is of medium height, and has a very slight V spacing in the front. The inner band is about twice as wide as the outer band; this leaves about one inch of the former exposed. The outer fold has square corners, and it just reaches to the top of the cravat-band. The cravat can be easily adjusted, and the points do not break over, as they do not reach to the shirt-bosom. When the cravat is on, the Pocantico is one of the best-looking collars that has ever been introduced.—*The Haberdasher.*

OBSERVATION SLEEPING-CARS ON BALTIMORE AND OHIO.

COMMENCING Sunday, June 13th, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad will place in service, between Baltimore and Chicago, Pullman Observation Sleeping-cars. The cars have a saloon parlor in the rear, furnished with easy arm-chairs, upholstered revolving chairs, and sofas. This will enable passengers to view with better advantage the scenic wonders that have made the Baltimore and Ohio famous.

TWENTIETH CENTURY BICYCLE LAMP.

AMONG all the necessary accompaniments of the bicycle there is not one that needs more care and attention in its selection than the lamp. The Twentieth Century has become so well known that it seems to have the call among the knowing bicycle-riders. These people are making a first class lamp, and have recently brought out a tandem size, which can also be used on carriages as a driving lamp. The Twentieth Century Company are wide awake and progressive, and recently have been doing some novel advertising in the way of an immense lamp mounted on a wagon. These have been shown in the streets of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago.

A GREAT REMEDIAL AGENT.

ALTHOUGH physicians were for many years reluctant to recognize any mineral water as a remedial agent, many of them have of late been won over by the remarkable results obtained with Buffalo Lithia Water in the treatment of diseases having their origin in Uric Acid, such as Bright's disease and rheumatism, as well as in the treatment of nervous diseases and dyspepsia. Many eminent physicians have tested Buffalo Lithia Water, the results in every case warranting a most hearty endorsement of its efficacy. Unsurpassed as a table water, it represents one of the most useful and beneficial products nature has given to mankind.

THE ERIE'S NEW TRAINS.

THE new vestibuled trains which the Erie has placed in service as Nos. 7 and 10 between New York and Cleveland are no doubt the finest ever constructed. A feature is the café car, in which meals may be ordered à la carte from early morning until midnight, with chafing-dish service as a specialty. Beyond the café is a spacious smoking compartment with movable tables and comfortable arm-chairs, where a cigar and light refreshment may be enjoyed at leisure. The day coaches and Pullman sleeping-cars embody the very latest ideas in car-building. One of these trains, in a daylight trial trip to Cleveland before the regular service was inaugurated, was visited by over seventy thousand persons, not one of whom offered a criticism.

BALTIMORE AND OHIO SUMMER BOOK.

THE Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has just issued a very handsome book for summer travel, describing the mountain resorts, springs, and baths located on and adjacent to its lines; also the various watering-places on the Atlantic coast. The routes for reaching them are set forth in a comprehensive and clear manner. The book is printed on fine paper, beautifully illustrated, and will prove of valuable assistance to parties contemplating a summer tour.

Copies can be had by applying to various Baltimore and Ohio agents, or by sending ten cents in stamps to cover postage to J. M. Schryver, General Passenger Agent, Baltimore, Maryland.

A Michigan Benefactor.

A FREE CURE THAT HE IS OFFERING.

Wants Other Men to Benefit by His Experience.

From Kalamazoo, Michigan, where the finest of nerve-bracing celery is shipped to all parts of the world, comes the report of a great cure. It is a specific remedy that acts powerfully upon the nerve centres, and puts new life and tone into the system, particularly in cases where weakness has come from indiscretions. H. C. Olds, whose address is Box 1881, Kalamazoo, Michigan, is the discoverer of this remedy. He suffered from all the troubles that come from follies and mental debauchery in early years, and restored himself to complete health. As a result of this turn in his life he is celebrating the fact by sending the prescription to all men who are weak; he sends it absolutely free—not charging a cent for his trouble. This is true benevolence; it is the kind of philanthropy that counts, for not only does he give freely, but he makes others more generous. They, in turn, help others, and so the good work goes on. Send for this free prescription. Mr. Olds sends it in a plain, sealed envelope.

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Heads the list of the highest grade pianos. It is the favorite of the artists and the refined musical public.

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A better Cocktail at home than is served over any bar in the world

THE CLUB = COCKTAILS

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Do not be wrongfully prejudiced against a bottled Cocktail until you have tried the "Club" brand. The principle is correct, the ingredients the best, and the result is all that can be desired. Try them and satisfy yourself.



These Cocktails are made of absolutely pure and well matured liquors and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world. The proportions being accurate, they will always be found uniform.

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THE new summer fabrics now displayed by Arnold, Constable & Co., Broadway and Nineteenth Street, New York, are irresistible in their daintiness of texture and beauty and harmony of colorings, and include many exclusive designs in addition to the complete lines of fashionable summer materials of all kinds. Sheer silk grenadines in shaded effects, both light and dark, combining the favorite tints of the season, are among the most beautiful of the thin goods. Next come the French foulards, light and dark grounds with large figures, blue, white, lilac and green predominating. Shimmering taffetas with satin stripes, in the most delicate of tints, are close by, and the new silks in check effects on moire grounds, claim more than passing notice. The plaids, too, both in gay and subdued tints, are particularly attractive, and the evening silks, either in plain or figured effects, are among the specialties in this department.

In the heavier materials are found the etamine canvas weaves in open-work and hemstitch designs, in the fashionable écru, greens, purples and ever-popular grays; close-weave canvas, delicate in color and fine in texture; silk finished, dressy Henriettas, and a new fabric this year, hemstitched nun's veiling, which promises to be very popular.

Among the distinctly summer materials the organdies, which are here shown in the most effective combinations, and embroidered Swisses, the latter coming in handsome black and white, as well as brighter mixtures, are prime favorites. Satin-striped piqué for seaside wear is a new and stylish material, and the dimities and lawns are found in the most complete assortment.

The little ones are particularly well looked after, and the dainty frocks, capes and reefers, lace and ribbon trimmed, with the prettiest of lace, chiffon and silk bonnets and straw trimmed hats, together with everything to be desired for infants' wear, give a hint of what may be found in this department.

The imported suits is another and very important and interesting section just at present, and the dainty models from leading French houses are worth a special visit. A pale heliotrope and yellow costume in open-work etamine and silk, from Doucet, and a Palatin design in blue chiffon, appliqued all over in hand-run black lace, are among the many examples. In wraps are several exclusive and dressy models, and the separate bodices in silk, chiffon and lace, with blouse backs and fancy sleeves, are very stylish and pretty. In all departments new goods are to be seen, and the season's display in every way is particularly fine.

SUMMER TOURS

VIA

BIG FOUR ROUTE,

TO THE

Mountains, Lakes, and Seashore.

Special Low Rates will be in effect to Put-in-Bay, Islands of Lake Erie, Lake Chautauqua, Niagara Falls, Thousand Islands, St. Lawrence River, Adirondacks, Lake George, New England Resorts, New York, and Boston. To the Great Lakes, Cleveland, Sandusky, Toledo, Detroit, Benton Harbor, Mt. Clemens, Mackinac, and Michigan Resorts. To the Northwest and West via St. Louis and Chicago. For rates, routes, time of trains, and full particulars apply to any agent "Big Four Route," or address

E. O. McCORMICK, Passenger Traffic Manager, "Big Four," Cincinnati, O.



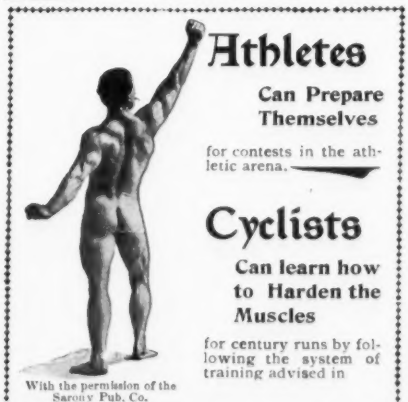
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(Main Line B. & O. R. R.)

Season Opens June 21st, 1897. SUPERB HOTEL AND COTTAGES.

For rates, rooms, and other information apply to D. C. JONES, Manager, B. & O. Central Building, Baltimore, Md., up to June 10th; after that date, Deer Park, Md.



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Can Prepare Themselves

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Can learn how to Harden the Muscles

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For athletics, health and pleasure, by RANDOLPH PARRIS, A.M., M.D. Director of Physical Training at the University of Pennsylvania.

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in track athletics and feats of strength and agility on the college campus, the following chapters on training and rules governing the events are invaluable:

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IS A NATURAL SPECIFIC FOR URIC ACID POISONING in its varied forms, embracing Gout, Rheumatism, Lithiemia, Stone of the Kidney or Bladder, Bright's Disease, Neuralgic Affections, Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Eczema, Dyspepsia, etc., etc. In other conditions also this poison shows itself in swellings of various parts of the body, Dropsical effusion, an unnatural Drowsiness or Coma and Convulsions, and not infrequently is sudden and fatal in effect. Used as a common beverage or table-water, it will be found a sure PREVENTIVE of all troubles arising from URIC ACID POISON.

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Beeman's The Original Pepsin Gum

Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness. All Others Are Imitations.

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"Search=Light" Always Bright.



The Leader!

A lantern that does not jar or blow out. Reflecting surfaces are always bright. All riders say it is—THE BEST.

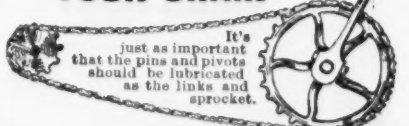
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thoroughly lubricates the smallest part and prevents them from wearing. Prepared from the choicest and smoothest soft graphite. Put up in tubes. Will not gum or hold dust or dirt. Send 10c. for sample tube. Dixon's No. 601 Cycle Chain Graphite in sticks, 15c. a stick. JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., Jersey City, N. J.



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STANDARD TYPEWRITER

takes no liberties with its reputation.

The New Models

No.

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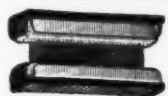
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HIGHEST IN PRICE,
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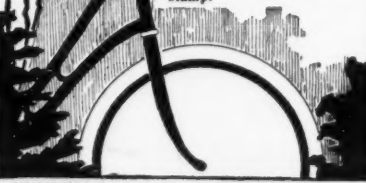
1897

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\$100 to all alike.

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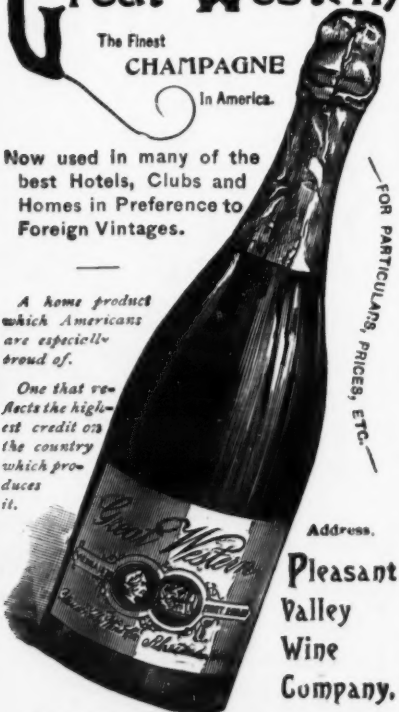
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